

The Rambler,

A JOURNAL OF

HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE, POLITICS, SCIENCE, MUSIC,

AND

The Fine Arts.

No. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped.

Contents.

THE LAST PARLIAMENTARY PUZZLE	145
HOME AND FOREIGN BENEVOLENCE	146
THE ROMAN CATACOMBS	148
REVIEWS: The Romance of the Peerage	150
Analogies and Contrasts of France and England	153
Lord Hervey's Memoirs	156
Dr. Beecher's Life of Jenny Lind	156
FINE ARTS:	
Irish Antiquities (with Illustrations)	157
On Enthusiasm in Art	159
Burnet's Essays on the Fine Arts	161
JOURNAL OF THE WEEK'S NEWS	163
MISCELLANIES: The Disturbances in India—Sir T. Baring's Pictures—Ancient Danish Vessel, &c.	166

THE LAST PARLIAMENTARY PUZZLE.

THERE are certain questions which are a grievous trouble to the amateur legislator. There are topics which make a great fuss in Parliament, but which drive the luckless out-of-doors statesman to his wits' end for a solution. He gets no aid either from party-principles, or old prejudices, or injury to his pocket, or theological virulence, or his rights as a man and a Briton, or from any thing else in the world, from which he is wont to draw his conclusions on all the doings of Lords and Commons. Nothing less than sheer common sense, or an extensive knowledge of facts, will help to what he must come to, at any cost,—a conclusion.

Such is the question of the Navigation Laws. Who can make head or tail out of the whole business? Who would dare to plunge headlong into the sea—or morass—of blue-books and reports which the topic involves, and hope to come out again alive, with a clear head and a good digestion? The very thought appals our determined politician, as, at the first conviction of the difficulties of the question, he forms a kind of scheme for *reading-up* the Navigation Laws. It is plain, after five minutes' reflection, that he will not have got to the end of his task before Lord George Bentinck's prophecies are fulfilled, and the last brig on the Thames is broken-up for firewood, the commerce of the world having departed to some inland town in Prussia, or Hungary, or somewhere near the Caucasus. And therefore our friend, who makes it a point of conscience to have an opinion on all matters on which the House of Commons comes to a division, betakes himself to the parliamentary debates, as the great engine for the illumination of mankind, through the instrumentality of the *Times*, *Chronicle*, *Herald*, *Daily News*, and *Morning Post*.

But what sees he there?—or rather, what comprehends he there? A mere intellectual fight greets the bewildered eye. His brain gets worse confused than before, amidst the amazing mass of conflicting state-

ments, and contradicting figures, and infallible experiences, and appeals to the shade of the late Mr. Huskisson. He discerns nothing except a vigorous *mêlée*, in which a multitude of forms, big, little, and middling-sized, flit before his vision, in all the energetic attitudes of fiery combatants. Russell, short and sharp; Peel, tall and ponderous; Disraeli, little and Judaic; Bentinck, aristocratic and groom-like; Cobden, mediocretic and cute; with the whole host of minor warriors, squires and shopkeepers, baronets and boobies, Solomons and Sibthorps, each intensely certain of his own infallibility, each brimful of facts, each burning with patriotism;—all these bustle to and fro in the parliamentary pell-mell, till the unfortunate reader of the interminable debate begins to wish the whole British navy at the bottom of the sea, on the top of which the Protectionists say it is now to float no more.

Such is more or less our own case, and such, we opine, is more or less the case of a goodly portion of our readers. The *facts* about the Navigation Laws are too much for us. Our eyes ache with those eternally revolving, involving, and evolving figures and dates, which come and go, in and out, just as the speakers please, like that dazzling mystery, the Chromatrope, with which they dazzle one's vision in the exhibitions of Dissolving Views. We are bewildered with the interminable talk about tonnage, and freights, and wages, and steam-boats, and sailing-vessels, and cordage, and oak, and Baltic timber, and harbour-dues, and beef, and pork, and the Zollverein, and tariffs, and Dr. Bowring, and Dantzic, and Prussia, and Rule Britannia, and the United States, and all those boundless subjects, belonging to the waters and to the dry land, on which the Navigation Orators delight to expatiate.

At the same time, in utter ignorance of the conclusions to be drawn from all these frightful statistics, there seems to us to be one or two points which, when fairly considered, may help a plain man right through the mist which enshrouds the question, and justify him in forming a pretty decided opinion in favour of the reform proposed by the present Ministry. The question, be it remembered, is simply as follows:—Can the British shipping interest, including ship-owners, ships, and sailors, with the carrying trade which supports them, maintain itself against the competition of foreign countries, unless protected by exclusive privileges in all British and Colonial ports? The Protectionists say it cannot; the Reformers say it can and will. The common sense of the nation, we have not a doubt, were the question fairly put before it, would laugh to scorn the very notion that Great Britain would fail in such a competition. The idea of our failure strikes us at once as so absurd, that we hardly know what to say, till we hear what can be alleged in its behalf. We cannot conceive *why* we

should fail. We know of no single reason why those same means which enable us to compete with the world in almost every thing in which hard-working energy is the great thing needed, should fail in enabling us to build ships as cheaply as any other people; and why the very first body of sailors in the world should not be able to take those ships as rapidly and safely across the ocean as any other race of men who traffic upon the waters. With the unrivalled advantage of an island position; with the first machinery in the world; with a home combination of oak, larch, coal, iron, copper, and hemp, such as belongs to no other nation in existence; with a gigantic manufacturing interest to stimulate us to the utmost exertions to facilitate the export of their fabrics; with a population of enormous wealth, crying out for a perennial supply of foreign productions, to urge on an import carrying trade; with all the traditions of our past naval and maritime triumphs, to keep alive the still ardent spirit of the sailor; with all the habits, experience, and discipline, of by far the largest navy, both warlike and peaceful, on the whole face of the earth; it is at first sight monstrous to suppose that we could not still distance mankind in the race upon the boundless ocean.

But, say the Protectionists, the old system has worked well, and it is madness to change it. Here, then, issue is joined again. The statement is positively denied; and whether correctly or not, at least it is made plain enough that as we have adopted the principle of free trade in our general commercial affairs, we must make it our universal standard rule, or throw the whole trading world into inextricable confusion. An architect, when called to build a vast fabric, says, "Let my foundation be homogeneous, and I care nothing for the material of which it is composed; be it rock, or be it clay, or be it sand, I can build accordingly; but if it is a substratum of mingled rock, and clay, and sand, it can scarcely ever be made secure." Such, too, common sense tells us must be the foundation of all social and economical prosperity. It must be one thing or another, or it can never flourish. Free trade cannot work so long as she is hindered from developing her powers by the manacles which bind her lower limbs. If her hands are free, and she can make with them, and buy and sell with them, what she will, how is she profited, if the means for transit, the feet with which she must carry her productions from market to market, are hampered with any iron chains whatever? The whole commercial and manufacturing system must remain a mere patchwork, a scheme of expedients, a struggle between conflicting principles, a destruction of one interest with no benefit to any other, unless the whole working of British commerce be left free as the winds which waft her fleets from China to Peru.

In all this, we say nothing of the treatment which our present plan of protection ensures for English vessels in foreign countries. Foreigners pay us back in our own coin; and between the two, commerce itself pines away and dies. The ships of the world are protected until trade suffers so grievously, that there remains nothing for them to do. Whole nations are made to pay the penalties required to protect the interests of a small section of the inhabitants of each. There is neither competition nor rivalry allowed to place the rewards in the hands of the most energetic and the most skilful, and to enable individuals to manage their own affairs in their own way. Amidst a perpetual interchange of treaties, and communications, and reciprocity-arrangements, and promises, and national jealousies, the general commerce of the world is now and

then brought almost to a stand-still in some one or other of its most important features, to the manifest and sure detriment of those for whose special benefit the protecting laws were devised. In a word, we now have free trade in nine points out of ten; we must have it also in every thing, or it can never have a fair chance of shewing its real powers.

And when all is free, to whom will the rewards go, but to the bravest, the most skilful, the most energetic, the most industrious? Does the British sailor and ship-builder claim this title to himself, or to whom does he give it? Is it his position, or himself, which is in fault, that he dreads the rivalry of France, America, or Holland? As we have said, the figures, details, and opinions involved in this great question, are all but incomprehensible; but yet we venture to suggest that the notion that Great Britain cannot compete with the world in maritime affairs appears to us the assertion either of boundless prejudice or boundless impudence. If she cannot equal other nations *here*, to what a depth must she not be already fallen!

HOME AND FOREIGN BENEVOLENCE.

WE have a good hope that Exeter Hall is going to the dogs. We do not mean that the great big pile of rooms, so entitled, is ready to tumble about the ears of the neighbourhood. We entertain no such spiteful feelings towards the worthy individuals who projected the building, and who now own it as a kind of evangelical Joint-stock Company, for the promotion of Anti-Popery meetings, oratorios, and the increase of their own incomes. Considering its architectural deformities, indeed, and the failure of its assembly-rooms for the conveyance of sound, we should not grieve to see it demolished, in conjunction with a very considerable proportion of the public buildings of the metropolis. But it is not this physical annihilation which we now venture to anticipate. It is that peculiar sham spirit of benevolence and Christianity, which has found its appropriate home in these ugly, clumsy, overgrown, dingy, ill-lighted halls, which we confidently believe to be fast disappearing before the increasing good sense and practical philanthropy of the day.

Hitherto, indeed, English benevolence has often contrived to make as great a fool of itself as could well be conceived. Sensible, practical, and business-like as we are in all purely money transactions, the genius of rashness seems to have taken its revenge upon us by diverting five-sixths of our philanthropic energies into the very last channels to which they ought to have been turned. The more impossible a religious scheme, the more eagerly it has been taken up. The blacker a man's skin, the more precious we have esteemed his eternal welfare. The more pestilential the climate, the fitter we have counted it for missionary and colonial operations. The less we knew of a race, the more claims it has been supposed to have upon our pockets. The more hideous its features, the more tender our regards for it. The more unpronounceable its designation, the more important we have thought its civilisation. Nobody has had a chance in Exeter Hall, if he was unlucky enough to bear the name of Briton. The only hope that a fellow-subject has had in that domain of universal brotherhood, has been to prove that he dwelt in the wilds of Tipperary, or some far spot in Ireland, where bloody Popish priests burnt Protestant Bibles, and taught Irish children to worship wooden gods and goddesses. Bishops and archdeacons; old women, both male and female; ministers of "all denominations;"

baronets, lords, and aldermen, have kept up the round of the notorious May-meetings, and gathered together many millions of pounds sterling, for the sole benefit of people residing on the other side of the globe, and for the liquidation of the salaries of many thousands of preachers and officers of societies, who live and batten upon these ill-directed efforts of benevolence.

In thus condemning the fashionable religionism and the artificial missionary ecstasies of the Exeter Hall devotees, let us not for a moment be supposed to be crying down real missionary enterprise; or to pretend that it is not the duty of the Christian Church to attack the strongholds of sin and ignorance in Pagan lands, at once, and without waiting till all sin and ignorance are removed at home. It is with the fullest recognition of the obligation which lies upon us to communicate the Gospel to the heathen, that we express our hope that the past ridiculous perversion of our benevolence is now giving place to a conviction that it is madness to rush to the other ends of the world in our zeal for Christianity, while myriads are to be found at our doors in a state worse than heathenism. The real missionary—the man who, in burning self-devotion, flies from every comfort, to live and die for his Master's sake, even perhaps with a violent death, amid savages or semi-civilised Pagans—such an one we honour and revere, as among the wisest and most prudent of mankind, and the most practical of the children of Christian benevolence. It is the delusion of many of those who stay at home that we deride: it is that twaddling, sentimental beneficence, which weeps over the fictitious tales of a platform orator; gives its guinea to the subscription list; prates of “the Gospel,” “the heathen,” “the missionary cause,” “the wickedness of the world,” and the perfections of the Bible Society; and then goes home to its particularly good dinner, and relaxes over its creature-comforts, all the while imagining itself a companion for apostles and martyrs, and the very salt of the earth for piety and wisdom.

It is this morbid, self-deceiving benevolence, which we are confident is daily losing its power of fascination over our well-intentioned countrymen and countrywomen. Every day the eyes of the world are opening to the awful facts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Every day we are learning to see more clearly that there is a hideous plague-spot upon the earth, which it was our first duty to investigate, and that this spot is London. Societies are forming—and still better, are flourishing—for the amelioration of those physical evils, without which a moral and religious reform is impossible. Facts are brought out, urged by the periodical press, and boldly maintained in Parliament, which make the sober reader and hearer start with horror, and tremble to think of what is going on at his very doors. We are coming to see that there is a curse upon our land, through our neglect of those countless numbers who have the first claim upon our sympathies, and whose awful wretchedness is in a great measure the result of that very system which has given to us the comforts we enjoy. And thus, that fantastic, theatrico-religious feeling, which has shed gallons of tears and rivers of ink, and called forth millions of solid treasure, is rapidly merging into something like a real, Christian grappling with the indescribable miseries which beset the cities and towns of our own still prosperous country.

Such are the plans for improving the dwellings of the poor by model lodging-houses; for putting the means for common cleanliness within their reach, by the establishment of baths and washhouses; for preventing those

appalling moral evils into which young boys and girls are thrown headlong, by such systems of emigration as that which has recently been pressed by Lord Ashley on the attention of Government. Who, indeed, can acquire even the most moderately extensive acquaintance with facts, and not fervently pray for the success of all such practical methods for ameliorating the fearful evils which crowd upon that class which alone has no power to save itself? Who can remain passive, who has ever been able to trace the career of one out of that multitude of human beings, whose very existence is a death in life, who are congregated in myriads about our doors? In the history of one poor workhouse child, see the history of hundreds of thousands. Its parents die in its infancy, or poverty lays upon them its iron grasp, and their offspring become the charge of the parish. Scarcely knowing a father's or a mother's care and love, they preserve what little innocence they may under the care of a Union schoolmaster, while from the throng of fresh children incessantly brought in from without doors to the same cold place of refuge, they learn at least to *know* the wickedness of man.

After the lapse of a few years, mark what they have become. The boys are young men, old already in crime. No parent's hand has restrained, no parent's love has soothed them. No home has beguiled them by its sweet attraction from the haunts of sin. They have no brothers or sisters; no kindred; no friends. They are alone in a world of wickedness and selfishness. They break the bonds with which the parish care may have sought to restrain them. They thieve, they swear, they drink, they gamble, they sleep any where but in a bed; their bodies are prematurely old, and what are their souls? Those only can tell, who know that the youthful crimes which we have enumerated are but the least of the iniquities into which the boys of London are habitually initiated. And if such is the destiny of one sex, who shall paint the lot which awaits the other? Let it be remembered, that there are eighty thousand wretched girls and women in the metropolis, whose existence is scarcely recognised by the vast body of reputable persons throughout the land, who supply the sums annually raised in this country for benevolent purposes. What are the lives, the miseries, and the deaths of these eighty thousand, no pen can describe. All we can say is, that an immense proportion of them are made what they are, not through any inherent vice in themselves, but through the pressure of external circumstances, over which they have no control.

It is to the remedy of these horrible evils that we rejoice to see the attention of men of sense and benevolence, and of the Government of the country itself, now turning in good earnest. Here is the seat of our social rottenness, here the gangrene that feeds upon the life-blood of the state. Here is the source of Chartism and Socialism, the parent of unbelief, the stream that fills the workhouse, the gaol, and the penitentiary. This it is that crowds our hospitals and our grave-yards, and makes the cost of the repression of crime mount up to a startling item in the record of the national expenses. How long it shall last, must rest mainly with ourselves; but one thing is as sure as that the sun rises daily over our heads:—the state that suffers such a condition of her poor is hurrying headlong to her ruin. The rich may perish from the land, and the poor yet remain; but when the poor are destroyed, the whole kingdom falls prostrate, and is involved in one common, irrevocable doom.



THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

No. II.—*Their Origin.*

IN the conclusion of my last letter, I gave the anecdotes of Asinius and of Nero as the only direct and positive proofs which could be alleged in behalf of the Pagan origin of the Catacombs, and pronounced them to be altogether inadequate for the purpose; nevertheless, and though they are far enough from exhibiting a demonstration or even a moral certainty, yet they may perhaps have suggested a doubt whether, after all, there is not some slight probability that these ancient *arenariae*, which were manifestly so extensive, may have been identical with the Christian Catacombs. I should be loath that such a suspicion should linger in the minds of any readers of these letters, for I know with how different an interest they would receive an account of Pagan and of Christian antiquities; at the risk of being wearisome, therefore, I shall hazard some further remarks upon the subject, which may, at the same time, advance our knowledge of the Catacombs themselves.

The object of the heathen excavators was simply utilitarian; they wanted stone or sand, and they wanted as much of it and with as little difficulty as possible: the object of the Christian excavators was utilitarian also, but of another kind; they wanted places for burying their dead, and places of assembly for the living; but they were hampered with a very troublesome condition—the necessity of concealment. Their modes of operation, therefore, would be altogether different; the ordinary sandpits and quarries would be as near the surface of the earth as the sand and stone could be found; their roads would be as wide and as high as the nature of the rock would permit; and they would have as many entrances to the highroads or open fields as was compatible with the due preservation of the soil for its proper agricultural produce. The Christians, on the contrary, would avoid a multiplicity of entrances, would economise their space and labour by having narrow paths, and would employ every available mode of concealing their works altogether. And these opposite characteristics are so indelibly impressed upon the excavations in the neighbourhood of Rome, that it is scarcely possible to mistake those of one class for those of the other. A visit to the Catacombs of St. Agnes brings before us specimens of both; and with this favourable opportunity of comparing their differences, the contrast cannot fail to be striking even to the most careless observer. The sepulchral ways of the Catacombs do not average the width of an English yard (not more, in fact, than two feet nine inches); those of the sandpit, on the contrary, range from ten to sixteen or seventeen feet, offering an easy transit not only to slaves and beasts of burden, but even to carts, that might be employed in the extraction of the sand; and the roads of a subterranean stone-quarry are often ten times as wide as this, owing to the greater solidity of the material. The galleries of the Catacombs are straight and regular, both for economy of space and for the convenience of sepulture, which, in the irregular and serpentine roads of the *arenariae*, would scarcely be practicable; their walls too, that is, the natural sides of these galleries, in the Catacombs are always perpendicular, and in no other way could the soil be made to bear a number of corpses laid in horizontal shelves, one over the other, and each shut up in its place with heavy tiles or marble; the passages of the *arenariae*, on the other hand, have no upright sides at all, but the arch of the roof springs from the very ground, so that, supposing two graves to be excavated, one above the other, the outer edge of the upper one must fall for want of support. Add to this, that a map of some portion of the sandpit, now lying before me, representing an area of about 70 yards in length and 60 in width, shews nine several exits to the open air; whereas in another map, a portion of the Catacombs three times as large, and lying under this very *arenaria*, the entrances are not more than two. The exact relations between these heathen and Christian excavations, together with the various entrances and roads, walls and graves, of the latter, will be more particularly described hereafter; but it must be clear to every body, from what has been already said, that the differences between them

are too many and too remarkable to be treated as accidental; they are precisely such as a consideration of the different condition and different objects of heathens and of Christians would have led us to expect; and we cannot err, therefore, in using them as infallible criterions whereby to judge to whether of these two classes they should be referred.

But there is yet another argument by which it is attempted to upset this reasoning and to defraud the Catacombs of their exclusively Christian character; not, indeed, by any positive evidence, proving that they were Pagan, but negatively, that they are too extensive to have been the work of a poor and persecuted people. We shall be better able to examine this plea, when we have seen what their number and extent really is, and to this, therefore, I must now direct your attention. Among the maps contained in Butler's Atlas of Ancient Geography, I remember two small plans, intitled *Chorographia Romana* and *Vicinia Romana*; and in each of these, if I mistake not, there were fourteen principal roads, proceeding like so many *radii* from this centre of commerce, civilisation, and government, to all the neighbouring towns and cities; with one or two unimportant variations, these are the very roads which are undermined by the Catacombs: fourteen different roads; more, that is, than the present number of gates of the city; and on each of these roads is more than one Catacomb—on some there are six or seven; so that, on the whole, we are rather understating it than otherwise, when we fix their number at somewhere about sixty. I do not mean that the precise locality of as many as these can, at this day, be rightly ascertained; still less, that they are all equally easy of access to the devout and curious antiquarian; but that we are able to distinguish and enumerate them from the descriptions of older writers, and from the accidental notices of them which occur in Missals and ancient Office-books of the Church. Their probable size and extent it is much more difficult to decide, both because the various cemeteries differ in this respect very materially from one another, and because it is impossible thoroughly to explore all the ramifications of any. It is supposed that at least three-fourths of this subterranean world are still unknown to us and unexamined; nevertheless, the excavations which have been already made are sufficiently extensive to enable us to contradict with confidence the foolish exaggerations of the ignorant, who would have us believe that the sepulchral streets reach to Tivoli on the one side, and to Ostia on the other, and even the more moderate statement, which would make them at least to unite the opposite banks of the Tiber. We may go yet further, and deny that they ever unite two separate hills; for the nature of the soil in which they are dug is so exceedingly porous, that, had such an attempt been made, it would certainly have been speedily stopped by a complete inundation of water in that part where the intervening valley was crossed. It does not require much philosophy to see, that, as long as the subterranean roads were carried along the sides or into the bowels of the hill, whatever quantity of water might fall upon the surface, would naturally run into the depths of the neighbouring valleys, and that here, the greedy soil immediately receiving it into itself, it would inevitably destroy, or at least render impassable, all the hollow passages underneath. Dismissing, therefore, these idle and mischievous assertions, let us endeavour to establish some probable statement in their stead.

The most perfect map of any portion of the Catacombs that has yet been published, is that to which I have already referred, and which was executed under the immediate superintendence of Padre Marchi, of whose valuable work I shall have occasion to speak in my next. It contains the eighth part of the Catacombs of St. Agnes; and the greatest length of the portion thus accurately mapped is about 220 metres, or 240 English yards, and its greatest width about 170 metres, or 185 yards. This, multiplied by 8, would give us somewhat less than 9 English furlongs for the greatest length of the whole Catacomb, and nearly 7 for its greatest width; that is, supposing it to extend equally in all directions; and as the Catacombs of St. Agnes appear to be of average dimensions, being larger than some, and less than others, any one who is fond of

arithmetic may amuse himself with a further multiplication by 60, in order to learn something of the probable extent of all the Catacombs taken together. But, in truth, this method of calculation will not bring us to any safe and satisfactory conclusion, were it only for this reason, that the excavations of a Catacomb are by no means equally distributed throughout its several parts; for instance, if I were to take my sample from some portions of the map before me, I might say that the thickness of the rock left untouched between the several roads or streets, ranged from 2 or 3 to 12 or 13 feet, whereas, if I took a sample from other portions of the same map, I should say that it varied from 26 to 40 or even to 70 feet; so that it is obvious that the knowledge of the extreme limits of a Catacomb, even if it could be ascertained, would give us no criterion whatever of the number of its streets and walls, nor consequently of its graves. Looking, however, at the same map in a different point of view, not at the mere length or breadth of the space described, but at the actual number and length of the streets which it contains, it seems to supply the basis of a sober and reasonable calculation, in which we cannot be deceived. Measuring them roughly, I should say that they extend at least to 3 kilometres, or something short of 2 English miles; multiply this by 8, and we have 24 kilometres, or 15 miles of subterranean streets in the Catacomb of St. Agnes alone, and 1440 kilometres, or not less than 900 miles in all the Catacombs taken together.

When I had made this calculation, it was with no ordinary satisfaction that I observed how nearly it approximated to one made by Padre Marchi upon principles altogether distinct, and which might have been objected to as based upon conjecture rather than upon well ascertained facts. He conjectures that there may have been 20 confraternities of fossors, or diggers, and that these might have excavated about 70 feet of road, and a hundred graves every day; and this, taking two complete centuries as the time during which the Catacombs continued to be used as Christian cemeteries, gives a total of 1200 kilometres, or 720 miles altogether, and six millions of graves; an amount which, however startling to persons unfamiliar with the subject, Padre Marchi considers much too small, both from his own experience of the actual extent of the Catacombs, and from long and careful studies as to the probable number of Christians to be found in Rome in those days. Those who are contented to take their ideas of Christian history from the works of Gibbon, may entertain a different opinion as to what this number really was; nevertheless, without entering into the details of a minute and difficult calculation, I think any candid and reasonable person may gather enough from the testimonies of ancient writers, whether Pagan or Christian, to make him yield a willing acquiescence to the conclusion of the learned Jesuit. Even in the days of Nero, Tacitus* could speak of them as a "great multitude;" Porphyry† complained that the Roman empire was ruined, because Jesus was worshipped, and the temples of the heathen gods deserted; Eusebius‡ describes the Christians as "most numerous and flourishing" before the persecution by Diocletian; and lastly, with greater distinctness than any of these, Tertullian§ speaks of the followers of Christ as "filling all the cities and towns, the islands, the camps, the council-chambers, the very armies and tribes, the palace, the senate, and the forum of the Roman state; that they had penetrated everywhere; nothing was left to the undisturbed possession of the Pagans, but the places consecrated to their impious and idolatrous worship;" elsewhere too he describes them as "a multitude so vast, as to constitute almost the largest part of every city." In reducing these general expressions to arithmetical form, we must remember that the city of Rome contained at that time not much less than a million and a quarter of inhabitants; and if we add to this, that the dates of tombs in the Catacombs begin before A.D. 100, and descend as late as A.D. 426, *i.e.* a full century after the establishment of Christianity by Constantine, I do not see how the six million graves of Padre Marchi's calculation, or even the seven millions and a half which would be the

result of mine, can possibly be objected to as an improbable or exaggerated amount.

I shall dismiss, therefore, at once and for ever, all further discussion of any Pagan interference with the Catacombs; we may rest assured that no Pagan ever entered them, save for the purpose of betraying the Christians whom he found there, or of being made a Christian himself: they were excavated by Christians in the first place, and occupied by them afterwards; they were exclusively the property of Christians both in life and in death; and as such they are invested with a sacred character, which claims our deepest reverence. The cradle of the Christian faith in the very centre of the Christian world—what can exceed their interest, not to mere residents or visitors of Rome alone, but to every Christian throughout the world? If it be counted a disgrace to know nothing of the history of one's own country—to be ignorant of the lives and fortunes of our forefathers according to the flesh—how much more disgraceful is it that we should know nothing of those who have gone before us in the Christian pilgrimage, to whom we are indebted for the sacred deposit of the faith—that we should be ignorant of *the country* (for such we may truly call it) of the early Christians of Rome! I propose to give a complete sketch of its history in my next; my present letter will be more fitly concluded by some further remarks into its origin.

The primary object of the Christians in the excavation of the Catacombs was, doubtless, to provide a burial-place for the dead. The doctrines of their holy religion did not suffer them to despise their bodies, as mere tenements of clay, imprisoning their souls, and when those souls had departed, to be cast aside and treated with carelessness and indignity; but rather it taught them that they should handle them with respect and reverence, as consecrated temples of the Holy Ghost, which were one day to rise again in glory, and to stand in the presence of the living God. Heathen philosophers might say that man's body should be burnt, in order that it might be resolved into its own original element; or, according to others, that the soul which had enlivened it might be free to return to that Divine Nature whence it had emanated at the first. But the people of God, on the contrary, who knew that "in the last day they should rise out of the earth, and should be clothed again with their skin, and in their flesh they should see God;"[¶] these recognised no other legitimate mode of disposing of the bodies of their dead than by burying them in the earth. To them, to be deprived of burial was the greatest reproach and misfortune: "they have given the dead bodies of thy servants to be meat for the fowls of the air, the flesh of thy saints for the beasts of the earth; they have poured out their blood as water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them;"[†] and to give burial to persons who would otherwise have been deprived of it, was a work of mercy acceptable to God, like prayer and almsgiving.[‡] If such were the principles and practice of the Jews, still more so of the Christians; both because they had a more perfect knowledge and a firmer faith in "the resurrection of the body," and also because this practice had been consecrated to them by the example of their Lord. He justified the woman who had anointed Him beforehand against the day of his burial; and when his body was taken down from the cross, Joseph of Arimathea took and wrapped it in fine linen, and laid it in "a sepulchre that was hewed out in a rock, wherein never yet any man had been laid." Another of the evangelists tells us, that they bound the body in linen cloths with spices, and he adds, "as the manner of the Jews is to bury." These words are very significant, and they would appear to belong to the other particulars of the burial no less than to the embalming. It was a cave in which Lazarus was buried; in a cave also in the field of Ephron the Hethite, Abraham was buried and Sara his wife, Isaac also with Rebecca, Jacob and Lia. Ezechias was buried "above the sepulchres of the sons of David," *i.e.* in a cave in some higher part of the same rock; and Isaiah§ speaks of it as a token of pride to have hewn out "a monument carefully in a high place, a sepulchre, a dwelling in the rock." Writers upon biblical antiquities,

* Annal. xv. 44.

† Hist. Eccles. viii. 1.

‡ Quoted by Euseb. Præp. Ev. v. 1.

§ Apolog. c. 37.

¶ Job xix. 23.

† Tob. xii. 12.

‡ Ps. lxxviii. 2, 3.

§ xx. 16.

therefore, have very justly concluded that it was a common practice of the Jews to bury their dead in places hewn out of a rock, and that in proportion to the dignity of the person was the height and magnificence of the sepulchre.

Now we know that a considerable number of that people had been brought to Rome after the conquest of Judea by Pompey, and that they occupied a particular region on the opposite bank of the Tiber, the *Ghetto* of ancient days. We cannot be mistaken in the *Trans-tyberinus ambulator*, the purchaser of broken glass, ridiculed by Martial; and indeed, Cicero, too, indirectly states the same thing. These captive Israelites would, of course, continue in their new homes (as far, that is, as their altered circumstances would permit) all the rites and customs to which they had been habituated in their own, more particularly those which were in any way connected with their religious belief: they would have buried therefore, not burnt, the corpses of their dead; and as the Roman laws did not allow this to be done within the walls of the city, they must have chosen the most convenient spot they could procure in the immediate neighbourhood, and consecrated it to this purpose. Accordingly, a Hebrew burial-ground was discovered in 1602 by the indefatigable Bosio on Monte Verde, or the southern extremity of the Janiculum, directly outside the ancient Porta Portuensis, that is, close to the quarter which we have said was set apart as their exclusive possession. This hill was composed of three distinct strata, each of considerable depth, and disposed like the steps of a staircase; the lowest and most prominent stratum of *tufa litoide*, the hardest and best in the neighbourhood of Rome; this of course was extremely valuable and difficult to be wrought; moreover, in all probability it was being already dug by the heathen. The second or intermediate stratum was precisely of that quality which was least useful to the builder and most useful to the gravedigger, i.e. the *tufa granolare*, and here, therefore, the Jews prepared their cemetery. Lastly, the highest stratum of all is a marine or fluvial deposit, such as I have already described, in which any excavations that might be made would require frequent substructions of masonry to render them secure; nevertheless, the Christians were obliged to undertake this labour, and in this very stratum we have the extensive Catacomb of Ponziano. The quarries in the *tufa litoide* still continue to be worked, but no longer as subterranean excavations; they are now open quarries; and this, together with a general sloping of the whole elevation for the purposes of cultivation (it is covered with vineyards), has made it impossible at the present day to enter the Catacomb of the Jews.

Padre Marchi, assisted by able and experienced workmen, spent three days in examining the entire surface of the hill, but without success; and he gives it as his opinion, that nothing but a ruinous destruction of the soil by violent rains, or a no less ruinous and extensive system of excavations, can ever again bring to light the lost entrance. This, however, is of less consequence, because Bosio has left us a description of it; and his descriptions, whenever there has been an opportunity of putting them to the test, have always been found to be very exact. He describes it as resembling in every essential particular the Catacombs of the Christians; the principal difference between them seems to consist in its greater meanness and poverty, and in the scarcity of chambers destined for congregations of the living. Of these he could only find two, both very small and without ornament; nor did he see in the whole cemetery a single painting, or even a fragment of marble; the graves had been originally closed with bricks and mortar, and in this mortar the epitaphs had been rudely traced in letters of Greek, filled up, as we so often see in the Catacombs of the Christians, with red paint, in order to render them more distinct. The cemetery, however, had been so ruthlessly plundered in former ages that he could not find even one epitaph complete; he only records a single name, and the word "Synagogue," both written in Greek: he adds, moreover, that nearly all the tombs had been marked with the seven-branched candlestick of the Temple; one lamp also of terra cotta had an impress of the same figure,

and this was the only lamp that was whole, though there were innumerable fragments of others. Since that time other inscriptions have come to light from the same source, some of them cut in marble; they are preserved in the museum of the Roman College, where they occupy a most appropriate position over the doorway that opens into the room of Christian inscriptions, sculptures, &c., taken from the other Catacombs; they are not numerous (six or seven, if I remember rightly—certainly not a dozen), nor very important; excepting, perhaps, one, written in Greek, with a few letters in Hebrew at the end, and marking the grave of Faustina—a name whose Latin form suggests a doubt whether it may not have been substituted for her original Hebrew name at the font of Christian baptism; it is equally possible, however, that she may have been a Roman proselyte, married to a Hebrew. The poverty of this burial-place is easily accounted for, as well by the probable condition of those Jews who had been thus violently transported to Rome, as by the notoriously sordid character of the whole people; and there are no spacious chambers for subterranean assemblies, simply because there was no need of them. Meanwhile, in every other respect, it appears to be exactly like the Catacombs of the Christians. Which, then, is the more ancient? which furnished the prototype to the other? Surely it is in the highest degree improbable that the Jews should have purposely imitated the Christians in any matter of religion, while they hated and persecuted them so violently; on the other hand, no reason can be alleged why the Christians should not have borrowed from the Jews a practice to which it was impossible that there should be any religious objections, and which in itself offered every advantage of convenience and secrecy, of which the infant Church stood so much in need.

If we add to these considerations, that some of the earliest converts to Christianity in this city (Aquila and Priscilla, for example) were taken from among the Jews, I think we shall have but little hesitation in concluding that this is the true account of the origin of the Roman Catacombs. The Jews constructed one in the first place, because it provided them with the nearest approximation to the tombs of their forefathers that the nature of the Roman soil and all the circumstances of their altered condition would permit; the Christians continued to construct them afterwards, because it gave them the power of burying their dead, as Christ himself had been buried, and of holding assemblies of the living without the knowledge of their persecutors. N.

Reviews.

The Romance of the Peerage. By G. L. Craik. Vol. I. London, Chapman and Hall.

MR. CRAIK remarks, in his preface to this curious volume, that the subject he has chosen is so manifestly tempting to the historian, that there must be some peculiar difficulties which beset its treatment, in order to account for the neglect it has suffered at the hands of every one who could have handled it. He would have done well, we conceive, to have studied to ascertain what those difficulties were, before endeavouring himself to supply this deficiency in our biographico-historical literature. The first thing to be done by one who would leap over any obstacle, is to measure with his eye its exact height and breadth; and we cannot but think that Mr. Craik would either have renounced his task altogether, or have executed it with more satisfaction to himself and the public, if he had not neglected to ascertain the precise nature of those hindrances to the easy execution of the work, which have deterred all previous labourers in the field of family records.

As it is, he has managed to stumble against many a difficulty which, with a little more care and skill, he might have avoided; and has, we think, altogether failed in producing such a book as was within his powers, and such as many writers, of less learning and acquirements than himself, might have succeeded in giving to the world. We only fear that the faults in the present volume, which is evidently intended to be the first of an indefinite series, will deter so many

readers from its perusal, that its author will not be encouraged to proceed with the work, and to amend the errors into which he has fallen, in its subsequent portions.

The first objection we should make to Mr. Craik's commencement is, that the family history which he has selected for his opening labours is very far from being the best he might have hit upon. It is not only inferior in interest to many others which lay before him in the annals of the British and Irish Peerage, but it is more repulsive and wretched than romantic. The points of interest are too much the same in all the ramifications of the tale; and are, besides, more vicious than exciting, more scandalous than striking. Strange, far-extending, and multifarious as are the workings of the destiny of Lettice Knollys' family and connexions, yet so much of them turn upon a mere flagrancy in conjugal infidelities, and they are, at the same time, so little connected with other and more peculiar features in the characters of the heroes and heroines of the chronicle, that the attention flags long before the fortunes of the chief personage are finally developed, and we come to see her at last carried away by death in a grey old age. Surely there are scores of other and more curious involutions in the wheel of domestic history, unfolded in the annals of the peerage, which would have presented far better and more agreeable materials for our author's pen. The very names of Percy, Warwick, Howard, and Russell, suggest a host of reminiscences, which even the unskilled in the sources of such histories perceive to be brimful of materials for romances of real life; wild, exciting, sad, and romantic in the highest degree. Even the fortunes of the near kindred of a single generation, involved in any one of the grand political events of our history, would have furnished a truer specimen of the real romance of the peerage.

But if Mr. Craik has not been happy in the selection of his opening subject, still less has he succeeded in his mode of treating it. He has really contrived to make out of a striking and strange series of incidents, as heavy and laboured a series of narratives as could well have been put together. The whole reads rather like an expanded chapter of *Burke's Peerage*, or a collection of notes to an historical novel, than like a real, professed, and complete tale of human acts and passions. The author seems to have had no definitive plan of proceeding before he commenced, and to have formed no sketch in his own mind of the mode in which his history should be conducted. He has not given any particular prominence to any one of his characters; while the remarkable woman, around whom they are all professedly grouped, and who gives her name to the whole, is so repeatedly kept out of sight, that in fact she is one of the least striking personages in the entire picture. A vast deal of wholly extraneous matter is introduced, which, if not irrelevant to an actual biography of each of the individuals who figure before us, is yet worse than unnecessary when the writer's object is that which is aimed at by Mr. Craik. In short, a more inartistic production it would be difficult to conceive. The various characters are introduced one after another, with only some slight indication of their connexion with the chief person of the story; their introduction is followed up by a quantity of documents, tending rather to the minuteness of a family biography than to the powerful elucidation of the romance of their history; each individual, having been carried by our author from the cradle to the grave, is then finally disposed of, to make room for some one else; while here and there the figure of Lettice Knollys herself is abruptly brought forward, as it were to remind us that after all she is the chief among the *dramatis personæ*.

Mr. Craik has, indeed, undertaken a task which, if we may judge from the present volume, (which we do not,) is too difficult for him. He shows himself a chronicler rather than a historian. He draws details with elaborate and mechanical care, when he ought to be putting in the broad outlines and the lights and shades of a picture. He does not understand the art of composition or of colouring; nor does he place himself in the position of the spectator, and attempt to realise how his work will strike the eyes of others who are

not prepared to be interested in it by the same previous knowledge of its personages which is possessed by himself. The result of his labours is, that while his work has a title indicative of something striking, brilliant, touching, and approaching as near to the interest of fiction as truth will allow, the book itself is as pure a specimen of the dry bones of accurate, unmitigated history as was ever brought forth by the toils of a searcher among *ms. documents* and long-buried records. And thus, while it is a valuable contribution towards the biographical history of the reign of Elizabeth, it is the last thing in the world to be entitled a "romance."

Lettice Knollys was one of the nearest of Queen Elizabeth's relations, as near, indeed, as Mary Queen of Scots, and therefore one degree nearer than King James. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, by his wife Catharine Carey, whose mother was the elder sister of Anne Boleyn. Lettice therefore stood to Queen Elizabeth in the relationship of first cousin once removed.

"Elizabeth," says Mr. Craik, "when she ascended the throne, at the age of five-and-twenty, in 1558, had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, uncle nor aunt, alive; more than one of these nearest branches the axe had lopped off; the only individuals in existence more nearly related to her than Lettice Knollys, were Lettice's mother and that lady's brother, Henry Carey, soon after created Lord Hunsdon, who were her full cousins by the mother's side; and the Countess of Lennox and Duchess of Suffolk, the daughters of her father's sisters, Margaret and Mary. But these two latter ladies both speedily fell into disgrace, or under suspicion; their blood was too royal, or too red, as the phrase ran; so that her cousins of the Boleyn stock, the Careys and the Knollyses, had all the sunshine of the royal relationship to themselves."

At an early age, Lettice Knollys married Walter Devereux, Viscount Hereford, afterwards the first Earl of Essex of that name. This first earl is less known in popular history than his more dashing son, but he was by far the more respectable and solid man of the two, and endured misfortunes which, in the estimation of most people, were far more acute and melancholy than the fate of his more notorious successor in his title and honours. His greatest misery doubtless arose from the intriguing of his wife with the most celebrated of all Elizabeth's favourites, the Earl of Leicester. To Leicester she was married after the somewhat premature decease of Devereux; and after the death, or murder, of Amy Robsart had made Leicester once more free to marry either Majesty herself, or, failing Majesty, any other woman he chose.

When Leicester also died, his widow lost little time in taking to herself a third husband, in the person of Sir Christopher Blount, a gentleman by birth, but of rank much below her own. How he used her and her possessions, the reader will gather from Mr. Craik's pages. Blount's constant study was to ingratiate himself with his wife's son, the young Earl of Essex, to whom he attached himself, even so far as to be a partaker in the last mad freak which cost the earl his life, and of which he himself shared the fatal consequences. On the death of Blount, Lettice lived in quiet in the country, apparently in some degree a changed person.

Additional interest is to be found in her history, from the fact that her daughter was the far-famed lady who was the object of Sir Philip Sidney's early passion. Penelope Devereux was one of the most beautiful women of her time; and it was her father's latest wish that she should marry his young friend Philip Sidney. What prevented the marriage is not known, for Sidney's passion for the lady was eager and fervent, as every one knows who is acquainted with the series of sonnets called *Astrophel and Stella*, in which he has recorded the history of his affection with singular vigour and minuteness of detail. When the lady of his love was forced, or persuaded, into a marriage with Lord Rich, Sidney married the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. His regards for Penelope Devereux were, however, not extinguished by the double marriage, and, as his sonnets shewed, he made no secret of the matter. In fact, after Sidney's premature death at Zutphen, the strains in which he recorded his passion were published, and dedicated to his own widow! Truly may Mr. Craik exclaim:

"Here is a state of things somewhat perplexing to modern notions. A recently deceased gentleman, most probably married at the time, has passionately loved and been beloved by a lady who then was and still is another man's wife; and the published celebration of him and her, in strains of the most enthusiastic admiration, on that account is respectfully dedicated to his widow! It is a style of social morality that is now quite gone out."

When, to all these materials for romance, or scandal (whichever they be), is added the fact, that Lady Rich was afterwards married, under circumstances most disgraceful, to Montjoy, Earl of Devonshire, by Laud, then not a Bishop, and very nearly to the ruin of his character and prospects; and that Lettice Knollys' grandson, the third Earl of Essex, married that Lady Frances Howard who, when divorced from Essex, became the infamous Countess of Somerset, and the murderess of Overbury,—the reader will see what a remarkable collection of personages were connected with our heroine, and what a striking and almost appalling picture of family shame and guilt might have been drawn by a judicious use of such a theme.

In an appendix Mr. Craik gives some hitherto unpublished letters on the subject of the death of the Earl's wife. They form one of the most curious and interesting parts in the volume—curious as it all is. They are in fact the correspondence between Leicester, then Lord Robert Dudley, and his agent at Cumnor. We give the most important of them, with Mr. Craik's introductory remarks.

"Such a correspondence may claim to be regarded as something much more curious and important than even the depositions taken at the inquest, which, if we had them, would in all likelihood tell us little or nothing more than is to be gathered from the letters, or from the local traditions which Ashmole has collected and preserved. The finding of the jury no doubt was that the death had happened by mischance. But here we have Dudley himself and his own words, which, even if they should have been designed to blind us in regard to some other things, at least throw the clearest light upon the relations in which he and his unfortunate wife stood to one another at the time of the catastrophe. It is evident from the whole tenor of his letters that all affection on his side had for some time ceased; and there are indications of this alienation having been a source to her of deep suffering. Writing, with whatever present or ultimate purpose, to a person in his confidence, and who must be supposed to have been aware of the real state of the case in that respect, he affects no lamentation for the loss he has sustained. He professes to be surprised at the news of his wife's death, and to be shocked at the thought of her having possibly been murdered, and he is especially alarmed by the apprehension that he may be suspected to have been himself the main author of the crime; that is all. That his position, if not his character or reputation, was such as to make such a notion one very likely to be taken up by the world, we have now the frankest acknowledgment under his own hand. The correspondence also adds something to the little previously known in regard to the sort of person that Amy Robsart really was, and upon that point confirms the only other evidence we possess, the solitary fragment that remains of her own letter-writing. * * *

"Lord Robert Dudley to T. Blount.

"Cousin Blount,—Immediately upon your departing from me, there came to me Bowes, by whom I do understand that my wife is dead, and, as he saith, by a fall from a pair of stairs. Little other understanding can I have of him. The greatness and the suddenness of the misfortune doth so perplex me, until I do hear from you how the matter standeth, or how this evil should light upon me, considering what the malicious world will bruit, as I can take no rest. And, because I have no way to purge myself of the malicious talk that I know the wicked world will use, but one, which is, the very plain truth to be known, I do pray you, as you have loved me, and do tender me and my quietness, and as now my special trust is in you, that [you] will use all the devises and means you can possible for the learning of the troth; wherein have no respect to any living person. And, as by your own travail and diligence, so likewise by order of law; I mean, by calling of the Coroner, and charging him to the uttermost from me to have good regard to make choice of no light or slight persons, but the discreetest and [most] substantial men, for the juries, such as for their knowledge may be able to search thoroughly and duly, by all manner of examinations, the bottom of the matter, and for their uprightness will earnestly and sincerely deal therein without respect; and that the body be viewed and searched accordingly by them; and in every respect to proceed by order and law. In the mean time, Cousin Blount,

let me be advertised from you by this bearer with all speed how the matter doth stand. For as the cause and the manner thereof doth marvellously trouble me, considering my case, many ways, so shall I not be at rest till I may be ascertained thereof; praying you, even as my trust is in you, and as I have ever loved you, do not dissemble with me, neither let any thing be hid from me, but send me your true conceit and opinion of the matter whether it happened by evil chance or by villany. And fail not to let me hear continually from you. And thus fare you well, in much haste; from Windsor, this ixth of September in the evening. Your loving friend and kinsman, much perplexed, R. D.

"I have sent for my brother Appleyard, because he is her brother, and other of her friends also to be there, that they may be privy, and see how all things do proceed."

"T. Blount to Lord Robert Dudley.

"May it please your Lordship to understand that I have received your letter by Bristo, the contents whereof I do well perceive; and that your Lordship was advertised by Bowes upon my departing that my Lady was dead; and also your strait charge given unto me that I should use all the devises and policies that I can, for the true understanding of the matter, as well by mine own travail as by the order of law, as in calling the Coroner, giving him charge that he choose a discreet and substantial jury for the view of the body, and that no corruption should be used or person respected. Your Lordship's great reasons, that maketh you so earnestly search to learn the troth, the same, with your earnest commandment, doth make me to do my best therein. The present advertisement I can give to your Lordship at this time is, too true it is that my Lady is dead, and, as it seemeth, with a fall; but yet how or which way I cannot learn. Your Lordship shall hear the manner of my proceeding since I cam from you. The same night I cam from Windsor I lay at Abingdon all that night; and, because I was desirous to hear what news went abroad in the country, at my supper I called for mine host, and asked him what news was thereabout, taking upon me I was going into Gloucestershire. He said, there was fallen a great misfortune within three or four miles of the town; he said, my Lord Robert Dudley's wife was dead; and I axed how; and he said by a misfortune, as he heard, by a fall from a pair of stairs. I asked him by what chance; he said, he knew not. I axed him what was his judgment, and the judgment of the people; he said, some were disposed to say well and some evil. What is your judgment? said I. By my troth, said he, I judge it a misfortune, because it chanced in that honest gentleman's house; his great honesty, said he, doth much cut (?) the evil thoughts of the people. My think, said I, that some of her people that waited upon her should somewhat say to this. No, Sir, said he, but little; for it was said that they were all here at the fair, and none left with her. How might that chance? said I. Then said he, It is said how that she rose that day very early, and commanded all her sort to go [to] the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home; and thereof is much judged. And truly, my Lord, I did first learn of Bowes, as I met with him coming towards your Lordship, of his own being that day, and of all the rest of their being, who affirmed that she would not that day suffer one of her own sort to tarry at home, and was so earnest to have them gone to the fair, that with any of her own sort that made reason of tarrying at home she was very angry, and cam to Mrs. Odinstell's, (?) the widow that liveth with Anthony Forster, who refused that day to go to the fair, and was very angry with her also, because she said it was no day for gentlewomen to go in, but said the morrow was much better, and then she would go. Whereunto my Lady answered and said that she might choose and go at her pleasure, but all hers should go; and was very angry. They asked who should keep her company if all they went. She said Mrs. Owen should keep her company at dinner. The same tale doth Pirtto, (?) who doth dearly love her, confirm. Certainly, my Lord, as little while as I have been here, I have heard divers tales of her that maketh me judge her to be a strange woman of mind. In asking of Pirtto what she might think of this matter, either chance or villany, she said, by her faith she doth judge very chance, and neither done by man nor by herself. For herself, she said, she was a good virtuous gentlewoman, and daily would pray upon her knees; and divers times she saith that she hath heard her pray to God to deliver her from desperation. Then, said I; she might have an evil toy (?) in her mind. No, good Mr. Blount, said Pirtto, do not judge so of my words; if you should so gather, I am sorry I said so much. My Lord, it is most strange that this chance should fall upon you. It passeth the judgment of any man to say how it is; but truly the tales I do hear of her maketh me to think she had a strange mind in her; as I will tell you at my coming.

"But to the inquest you would have so very circumspectly chosen by the Coroner for the understanding of the troth, your

Lordship needeth not to doubt of their well choosing. Before my coming the most were chosen, and part of them at the house. If I be able to judge of men and of their ableness, I judge them, and specially some of them, to be as wise and as able men to be chosen upon such a matter as any men, being but country men, as ever I saw, and as well able to answer to their doing before whosoever they shall be called. And for their true search, without respect of person, I have done your message unto them. I have good hope they will conceal no fault, if any be; for, as they are wise, so are they, as I hear, part of them, very enemies to Anthony Forster. God give them, with their wisdom, indifference, and then be they well chosen men. More advertisement at this time I cannot give your Lordship; but as I can learn so will I advertise, wishing your Lordship to put away sorrow, and rejoice, whatsoever fall out, of your own innocency; by the which, in time, doubt not but that malicious reports shall turn upon their backs that can be glad to wish or say against you. And thus I humbly take my leave; from Comener, the xiith of September. Your Lordship's, life and living, T. B.

"Your Lordship hath done very well in sending for Mr. Appleyard."

"Lord Robert Dudley to T. Blount."

"Cousin Blount,—Until I hear from you again how the matter falleth out in very troth, I cannot be in quiet; and yet you do well satisfy me with the discreet jury you say are chosen already; unto whom I pray you say from me, that I require them, as ever I shall think good of them, that they will, according to their duties, earnestly, carefully, and truly deal in this matter, and find it as they shall see it fall out; and, if it fall out a chance or misfortune, then so to say; and, if it appear a villany (as God forbid so mischievous or wicked body should live), then to find it so. And, God willing, I have never fear [of] the due prosecution accordingly, what person soever it may appear any way to touch; as well for the just punishment of the act as for mine own true justification; for, as I would be sorry in my heart any such evil should be committed, so shall it well appear to the world my innocency by my dealing in the matter, if it shall so fall out. And therefore, Cousin Blount, I seek chiefly troth in this case, which I pray you still to have regard unto, without any favour to be shewed either one way or other. When you have done my message to them, I require you not to stay to search thoroughly yourself all ways that I may be satisfied. And that with such convenient speed as you may. Thus fare you well, in haste; at Kew, this xiith of September. Yours assured, R. D."

"Lord Robert Dudley to T. Blount."

"I have received a letter from one Smith, one that seemeth to be foreman of the jury. I perceive by his letters that he and the rest have and do travail very diligently and circumspectly for the trial of the matter which they have charge of, and, for any thing that he or they by any search or examination can make in the world hitherto, it doth plainly appear, he saith, a very misfortune; which, for mine own part, Cousin Blount, doth much satisfy and quiet me. Nevertheless, because of my thorough quietness, and all other's hereafter, my desire is that they may continue in their inquiry and examination to the uttermost, as long as they lawfully may; yea, and when these have given their verdict, though it be never so plainly found, assuredly I do wish that another substantial company of honest men might try again for the more knowledge of the troth. I have also requested to Sir Richard Blount, who is a perfect honest gentleman, to help to the furtherance thereof. I trust he be with you or thing long, with Mr. Norris likewise. Appleyard, I hear, hath been there, as I appointed, and Arthur Robsert, her brothers. If any more of her friends had been to be had, I would also have caused them to have seen and been privy to all the dealing there. Well, Cousin, God's will be done; and I wish he had made me the poorest that creepeth on the ground, so this mischance had not happened to me. But, good Cousin, according to my trust have care about all things, that there be plain, sincere, and direct dealing for the full trial of this matter. Touching Smith and the rest, I mean no more to deal with them, but let them proceed in the name of God accordingly; and I am right glad they be all strangers to me. Thus fare you well, in much haste; from Windsor. Your loving friend and kinsman, R. D."

Analogies and Contrasts; or, Comparative Sketches of France and England. By the Author of "Revelations of Russia." London, Newby.

THIS book is published, says the author (so far as regards France), to explain events it was written to prognosticate; and in a valuable introduction, penned before the last revolution in that country, he points out the inevitable causes which, sooner or later, must have created most important changes in the administrative

policy of France, and overturned that "gigantic imposture," the government of the "citizen king." That the present form in which it is carried on, that of a republic, is best suited to the wants and wishes of the people, and likely to endure for a very lengthened period, he endeavours to establish, first, by an elaborate defence of ultra-liberalism generally, and secondly, by a particular eulogy of the parties principally concerned in the present movement. Whether revolutions have not been tried sufficiently often, particularly in France, to allow the prospective benefit to be derived from them to be a matter suggestive of some doubt and hesitation, is a question which it is by no means necessary to answer, in order to read these volumes with considerable interest, and find in them food for much and deep reflection. Setting party politics aside, and, it is to be feared, religion, or at least Catholicism, also, the statesman, the literary man, and the student, will find great entertainment in the perusal. For such a book as this, apology is needless; but for the sake of the amusing manner in which the author excuses himself for taking up a subject which, however inefficiently, has so often been attempted before, we give two out of several examples which he cites, concerning the extraordinary degree of ignorance which even now exists, both in England and France, in regard to those customs and institutions in which each differs from the other.

"That dogmatic old gentleman, who has lived for so many years at Dunkerque or at Tours with his family, is persuaded that the whole nation is cowardly and dishonest, that there is no justice for a foreigner in the country, and that the people will some day rise and massacre all the English, because two big boys threw stones at his son, because his grocer cheated him, because he was fined for infringing a police regulation, and because that youth at whom he has shaken a stick for jostling him on a very narrow highway has called him 'Sacré Anglais.' Of the language he has acquired fluency enough to make himself understood in purchasing his poultry, or at the utmost a proficiency which does not suffice to render conversation otherwise than irksome. He does not associate with the French. Galignani's Messenger is the only portion of French literature with which he is acquainted; and all that he ever reads about the country in which he has taken up his abode, has been copied from the English newspapers into its columns. His knowledge of the functions of the prefect, whom he has ceremoniously visited, and of the tribunal, by which he was fined, are as vague and indefinite as ever. Of the civil, judicial, and economical administration of the country, he is equally ignorant, and on this ignorance he has grown to pride himself. He thinks it meritorious—John Bull like. They are not worth inquiring into; and if you attempt to argue the point with him, he pooh-poohs you, and replies, 'Don't tell me, sir; haven't I resided in the country these twenty years?'"

The other individual, supposed to be taken as the type of a class, is the accomplished Parisian, who has fallen into the mistake of supposing that a few weeks' metropolitan life in England comprises all the information that a stranger can wish to acquire respecting it.

"You are quite right, there is very little known upon your country; I am thinking of writing a book upon the subject myself," said a French resident, self-sufficiently to the author. "Indeed; then you are well acquainted with England?" "Oui, je m'en flatte. Je connais l'Angleterre à fond. J'y suis depuis quinze ans. I flatter myself that I do know England; I have resided in it fifteen years."

"On testing the knowledge which this gentleman was persuaded that he possessed, it proved in the course of a very brief conversation that he was utterly ignorant of the existence of militia or yeomanry in England, that he believed the substratum of the whole island to be calcareous, that we had no rocks, but only chalk hills, and that he conceived the waggoners who brought up loads of hay to the London markets to be the substantial farmers of the land. 'Where have you resided during these fifteen years?' 'Always in the capital.' 'Then you have seen nothing of the country?' 'On the contrary, I have seen enough of it, both by land and water. I came up to London once from Dover by coach, and on two distinct occasions I have sailed and steamed up and down the Thames, going to and returning from France.' 'And you conceive that sufficient experience of rural life?' 'A sufficient sample. There can be no great differences in rural life; your peasants wear white smock-frocks, and ours wear blue; your people consume gin and beer, ours drink wine and brandy; but rustics are every where alike,—heavy, stupid, ig-

norant, and mean. The country is every where the same; *un endroit où l'on cache ses guenilles, où l'on fait des économies d'esprit et d'argent.* Uninteresting and prosaic enough in France, the superaddition of English dulness cannot much change or improve it. I have beside made many little Sunday trips. 'You have perhaps been to Blackwall by the railway?' 'Effectivement; j'ai fait plusieurs fois ce petit voyage,' replied the Frenchman triumphantly. 'Then there can be no doubt that the book you are so well qualified to write will prove exceedingly amusing.'

Chapter IV., entitled "the 'Entente Cordiale' and its Price," may well, considering what it supposes that price to be, startle and confound the greater number of English readers, who, differing widely in their opinions on other subjects, are yet alike accustomed to regard France with suspicion, and any increased power it may attain, with jealousy and alarm. It is here contended, that whilst Great Britain cannot be expected to tolerate any system of extension or colonisation injurious to its own interest, it ought not to consider the augmented prosperity of France as necessarily so; that the occupation of Moravia, of the Balearic Islands, of the colonisation of Algeria, can be of no positive detriment to England; while, in the present aspect of affairs, a mere indefinite dread of French ascendancy is altogether chimerical and vain.

"The preponderance of France, once truly perilous to Great Britain, is now, as far as Great Britain is concerned, a mere bugbear. Within the memory of a living generation, France was far more powerful than England, and on every point in contact with her. But though, during the lapse of years which has since occurred, France has grown in strength, we have decupled our own; and besides, the two nations having struck out different paths, we have left her so far behind on that which we have chosen, as to render all chance of overtaking us hopeless. In the infancy of men still in our senate, for instance when the Duke of Wellington was born, the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland was only between ten and eleven millions. We had never had credit to borrow more than some seventy millions to carry on a war of twenty-seven years' duration. Our shipping did not exceed three quarters of a million of tons. Our Indian empire was in its infancy. France had then a concentrated population of some three-and-twenty millions; a navy more formidable, colonies as valuable as our own; pecuniary resources more available; to say nothing of the influence her family compact gave her with Spain, who had her fleets and treasures to turn against us.

"We lost the United States. France overrunning Europe and bent on our destruction, as the sole obstacle to her universal domination, turned all Europe against us. Jealousy of French aggrandisement then,—when its power might have proved fatal to our weakness,—was therefore not only justifiable and wise, but self-preservative. But now that our population (instead of being less than half) is within a few millions of the population of France, which it is speedily overtaking,—now that Spain has ceased to be an aggressive power, whilst we have added a prodigious empire to our possessions,—now that our navy more than trebles that of France, doubles that of Europe, and equals that of all the chief maritime states in the world collectively,—and now that the unimpaired credit which enabled us to borrow nine hundred and sixty-seven millions of pounds sterling during the last twenty-two years of war, would give us, if required, a greater command of capital than all the world combined could accomplish,—now, jealousy of French aggrandisement and power can only arise from cowardice, ignorance, or folly, or originate in an invidious prejudice which no Englishman would dare to avow."

In spite of a traditional jealousy towards France, in spite of the solicitude of Great Britain to maintain a balance of power on the continent, once deemed incompatible with a French alliance, the points of analogy between the two nations are stronger and better founded than the differences, often superficial, which divide them. Although their tastes, genius, and habits may be in many cases dissimilar, nay, altogether opposed, a practical lucidity of thought and energy of purpose distinguishes both races from the rest of modern Europe; and a spirit of chivalry, which alike in England and France pervades all ranks and influences every grade of society, forms a strong contrast to the state of all those other countries in which it is but the characteristic of a class,—in Poland of the noble, but in Spain, as we see, become the heritage of the peasant. The volatile enthusiasm and noisy earnestness of the French, are much more compatible with the known traits of British character, than either

German mysticism or the conceited gravity of the Spaniard. And if from mental similitudes we descend to points of material resemblance, the benefits resulting from an amicable relationship between the two countries will be shewn to be of immense importance; for in as far as England exceeds France in moral and material prosperity, France exceeds all the rest of Europe put together; and it becomes a thing self-evident, that as against their combined influence no obstacle whatever could stand, civilisation must proceed in proportion as that influence shall become strengthened.

Contrasted with these analogies of character and position, there are observable between the two races many striking differences; the Englishman is ardently attached to liberty, the Frenchman to equality; the Englishman prefers, before every thing else, the solid prosperity of his country, the Frenchman its glory and renown. More Frenchmen would die to vindicate the honour of France, than to assert its liberties; but more Englishmen would lay down their lives in defence of their country's freedom, than to extend its power, or give lustre to its name; the latter would think no sacrifice too great to preserve unfettered the liberty of the press, the former his liberty of speech; language in the present day is conventionally forbidden in London which was not only tolerated but commonly listened to in the most despotic period of the empire; whilst the French press dared not, in the time of Louis Philippe, express its opinions with that freedom which torture and death, under the Protectorate, failed to prohibit in England.

The Frenchman's fear of ridicule leads him to dread as much the insinuation that he is unlike every one else, as an Englishman the charge of want of respectability; one of the most injurious epithets in his vituperative vocabulary is the term "*quel original!*" which when, as usually, applied to an Englishman, only gratifies his pride. A Frenchman, as a facetious hatter once observed to one of his customers, is "*désolé s'il n'a pas un chapeau comme tout le monde;*" an Englishman if he cannot procure one "*comme tout le monde n'a pas.*" There is no act of heroism or self-denial which Frenchmen in general might not be induced to undertake; but then unfortunately they are little less fickle than the Athenians, and the most trivial pretences will suffice to divert them from their purpose as surely as a spike of iron and a coil of wire conduct aside the bolts of the pagan Jupiter; the English, on the contrary, though their sympathy is not so easily awakened, having once determined upon a particular course of action, will go through with it whatever obstacles may intervene, and from their annals might easily be cited many more enduring examples of generous devotion. With the exception of the ancient Greeks, the genius of the Anglo-Saxon is more universal than that of any other nation; but in individual acquirements the French have in some instances the superiority: the genius of the latter may perhaps be summed up as being the most prompt, concentrated, tasteful, logical, and complete; that of the former as most versatile and profound.

A striking point of contrast remains, however, still to be noticed,—one which, irrespective of the influence which the two races exert on one another, points out, by a natural division, the part which each is destined to take in the civilisation of the world. This cannot be so well described as in the words of the author.

"Hindustan and Barbary are yet in many respects what Alexander and the Scipios found them. The French and the Portuguese in the one country seemed more likely to descend into the barbarism of its natives, than to impart to them their civilisation; and in Algeria at the present day the French seem to be only losing their own, without diffusing it through the conquered population. But in our Indian empire, the inert immutability against which continental civilisation would not only prove powerless, but become blunted, is giving way after some thousand years before the still greater unimpressionability of British character, incisive from mere unchangeable hardness, like the adamant which without point or edge engraves the crystal or the stone by trituration. But though this peculiarity fits the Anglo-Saxon to impress comparatively barbarous races, the want of pliancy it argues, impairs his influence over nations already within the pale of average European civilisation. The character of the Red Indian, of the Caffre, of the Hindoo, Parsee, or Australian, may become eventually modified, by the

conqueror's unbending nationality, which their own is powerless to modify. But the populations of continental Europe, who have still so much to learn from France and England, revolted by this unyielding harshness, seek rather all the treasures of civilisation from France than from the Anglo-Saxon, even though their relations with France may have been chiefly hostile—with us those which exist between the protector and ally. The cabinets and the people—the despot and the democrat—of continental Europe, have borrowed from France alike their means of government and views of freedom. The administrative centralisation, the political economy, the modern legislation, the notions of free government, and the military organisation, strategy, and tactics, of the whole continent are with few exceptions French. It is only through a French intermedium that we convey to it our example and ideas. Our constitutional system, on which we pride ourselves as a device peculiarly our own, has been taken, not from us, but from France, whom we furnished with it. Our very poets and authors exercise their action through French translations."

Assuming, then, the French people to be especially fitted for empire, and predominance on the European continent, whilst the mission of the Anglo-Saxon is to civilise the rest of the world; we may incidentally notice how the course of events during the last century appears gradually to have been paving the way for such a consummation. Whilst the power and influence of England have immeasurably increased in every other quarter of the globe, its former paramount interest in the affairs of Europe has in a measure declined; its friendly relations with the various powers have become less stable, in proportion as those of France have acquired importance; whereas abroad, beyond the precincts of the European continent, a retrospective view of events with regard to France will produce a result exactly opposite to the one we have arrived at concerning the position of England. In the East, the advantageous settlements of the former are no longer subject to its dominion; and its loss in the new world of such possessions as Canada, New Orleans, St. Domingo, and Louisiana, attest the strong probability, at least, of the conjectural anticipations we have hazarded. The most important interrelations of the two countries are in a great measure influenced by that indomitable love of equality on the part of the French, which induces them to endure any thing, so long as they are perfectly satisfied that no one else is exempt from the same troubles; they have established this equality, at least endeavoured to do so, throughout the length and breadth of the land, and under its shadow they will submit to restrictions the most humiliating, to systems and institutions which the Englishman would not for a moment tolerate, and for which his antithetical passion for liberty teaches him to entertain the most extreme distaste. That monstrous system of abuse and patronage which from 1830 was carried on by the bourgeois government of Paris, and which has so lately reached its climax, would never have been endured at all, but by a people accustomed quietly to submit to all the petty tyranny of the conscript and passport systems, to an all but irresponsible police force, and to such an extreme of injustice as the following extract shews to have been by no means uncommon. It is understood that no official in France can be prosecuted without the express permission of the Council of State, a permission rarely granted, and when granted, commonly restricted to the minister in whose department the culprit serves.

"What has happened to disturb your equanimity?" "I have been grievously, doubly, trebly, overcharged in the assessment of the *droits réunis*." "Is there no means of protesting?" "Where is the use of protesting? one must begin by paying—the law wills it so—and then after months of expostulation I should probably have nothing but the trouble incurred for my pains. I believe it was done maliciously." "Cannot you complain of the offender?" "Complain! I see you do not know how things are managed in his office. I had a schoolfellow in it once, and know its secrets. The subalterns shew their zeal by overcharging, and a certain number of complaints are at head quarters equivalent to a promotion. I have no wish to conduce to that of the man who has overtaxed me, by complaining." "And do you submit quietly to such a state of things?" "Why not?" said the *littérateur* between whom and the author this conversation passed; "the *Duc et Pair*, who lives opposite, is liable to the same exactions."

The second volume opens with a sketch of the life of Louis Philippe; the vicissitudes with which his career

has been chequered, and the catastrophe by which it has so lately been brought politically to a close, might well form a picture of greater dramatic interest than any which the pen of the poet or historian has for centuries been called upon to furnish. So important and of so universal an interest are the events in which he has played a conspicuous part, that incidents of a mere private nature, those which concern his birth, and the doubts respecting it, appear by comparison to sink into insignificance. Whether the man who for eighteen years has held in his hands the destinies of Europe, and who in his downfall has convulsed nations, and overthrown kings, and kingdoms, and states, be indeed a child of the haughty race whose name he bears, or descended from the outcast Chiappini, seems but a trifling and immaterial point; the influence he has exerted over men's minds, and the power he has exercised, will be alike facts of his existence, and important data for posterity.

The story related of the supposititious birth of the "Citizen King," by which *this* title at least is secure to him, is curious, whether we believe it or not, as a circumstance connected with his changing and changeable fortunes. It is said that Louis Philippe the elder (*Egalité*), being in circumstances of great pecuniary embarrassment, applied to his father for assistance, and was refused except upon the condition that his next child, whose birth was daily expected, should happily prove an heir. The Count was greatly disconcerted at this, for his wife, the heiress of the noble house of Pen-thièvre, having borne him already six daughters, the hope of a son was at best but vague and unsatisfactory; and he felt by no means disposed to await the issue in suspense. Acting, therefore, upon what he conceived to be the probabilities of the case, and looking forward to the fulfilment of his father's promise, he made immediate arrangements with a jailor, who was also the common executioner of Paris, to procure for him whenever he should desire it, a new-born male child, in exchange for a female. The event proved that his fears and prognostications were correct; the Countess gave birth to another daughter, and on the same day, much to the satisfaction of its parents, the jailor's wife presented her husband with a son. It is further stated, that suspicions being excited against the Count of having exchanged the children, he was compelled, to avoid inquiries, for a time to conceal himself in a monastery; while the sudden change of fortune which Chiappini simultaneously experienced, enabled him to give his supposed daughter a brilliant education, as well as liberal portions to each of his other children. She afterwards went upon the stage, under the name of Maria Stella, and was greatly admired; but her weakness, inconsistency, and ingratitude, soon disgusted all who took her cause in hand. It is said, that a letter containing an account of the whole transaction, and proved to be in the handwriting of Chiappini, was published after his death; and it is certain, that all the statements connected with it were suppressed by order of the French Government.

Several chapters are next occupied with a distinct and very lucid exposition of all the most important political questions which at the present moment agitate Europe; questions which, we cannot but dread, must involve in their settlement changes and transmutations more fearful than those which we have already passed through. Wherever the principles of justice and honour, wherever the common and mere natural duties of man as a responsible agent, are comprehended, but one view seems to exist with respect to the light in which the author and promoters of the Spanish marriages ought to be regarded; the tergiversation and perfidy, the subterfuge and deceit, by which the whole transaction was characterised, render it almost impossible for any class of politicians to offer excuse, or palliation, in its favour. But the same unanimity unfortunately does not exist with regard to the unjustifiable nature of the exterminating war which has been carried on in Switzerland. We are sorry to see some thirty pages dedicated by the author to the praise and defence of those unwarrantable aggressions upon the freedom and independence of the Sonderbund, by which that alliance has been dissolved, and the members

of it compelled to submit to the most tyrannical and oppressive laws, where indeed law, and even the semblance of it, has not altogether been done away with. That men pretending to regard "liberty" and freedom of conscience as the natural heritage of every human being, should be those who are always ready to set up barriers against it, can only be accounted for on the supposition—a supposition so often borne out by subsequent facts—that in the place of liberty, they are endeavouring to establish anarchy, and for freedom of conscience, universal license.

But little now remains to be noticed of this entertaining work, but certain interesting details in the appendix, concerning the relative prosperity of France and England, as compared with the rest of the world; and which is still further illustrated by a map, pointing out at one view the state of trade, commerce, and general wealth; the amount of taxation, and consumption of various kinds of provisions, calculated with regard to the number of inhabitants in every country. The author looks upon war between England and France as worse than civil strife, and, in its prospective consequences, far more injurious. With regard to the dread that Great Britain need entertain of hostile demonstrations from any quarter, it is stated, that if such a thing could ever be looked upon as expedient, her resources would enable her to furnish a larger army than the whole continent of Europe could afford to bring into the field; a number of sailing vessels equal to the naval force of the whole world, and twice as many steamers as all civilised states combined; besides the mechanical skill to construct four times as many as all of them together have the means of doing, supposing a trial of that nature should be attempted. We have only to express our regret, in conclusion, that these entertaining volumes should be disfigured by an occasional flippant remark or story tending to the dishonour of religion and its most faithful servants.

LORD HERVEY'S MEMOIRS.

[Third Notice.]

WANT of space has hitherto prevented us from completing our series of portraits from Lord Hervey's entertaining memoirs. The following characters of the two Walpoles are among the most finished of his productions. Here is Sir Robert, by one who was a half-affronted friend:

"He had a strength of parts equal to any advancement, a spirit to struggle with any difficulties, a steadiness of temper immovable by any disappointments. He had great skill in figures, the nature of the funds, and the revenue; his first application was to this branch of knowledge; but as he afterwards rose to the highest posts of power, and continued longer there than any first minister in this country since Lord Burleigh ever did, he grew, of course, conversant with all the other parts of government, and very soon equally able in transacting them: the weight of the whole administration lay on him; every project was of his forming, conducting, and executing: from the time of making the Treaty of Hanover, all the foreign as well as domestic affairs passed through his hands; and, considering the little assistance he received from subalterns, it is incredible what a variety and quantity of business he despatched; but as he had infinite application and long experience, so he had great method and a prodigious memory, with a mind and spirit that were indefatigable; and without every one of these natural as well as acquired advantages, it would indeed have been impossible for him to go through half what he undertook.

"No man was ever blessed with a clearer head, a truer or quicker judgment, or a deeper insight into mankind: he knew the strength and weakness of every body he had to deal with, and how to make his advantage of both: he had more warmth of affection and friendship for some particular people than one could have believed it possible for any one who had been so long raking in the dirt of mankind to be capable of feeling for so worthless a species of animals. One should naturally have imagined that the contempt and distrust he must have had for the species in gross, would have given him at least an indifference and distrust towards every particular. Whether his negligence of his enemies, and never stretching his power to gratify his resentment of the sharpest injury, was policy or constitution, I shall not determine; but I do not believe any body who knows these times will deny that no minister ever was more outraged, or less apparently revengeful. Some of his friends, who were

not unforgiving themselves, nor very apt to see imaginary faults in him, have condemned this easiness in his temper as a weakness that has often exposed him to new injuries, and given encouragement to his adversaries to insult him with impunity. Brigadier Churchill, a worthy and good-natured, friendly and honourable man, who had lived Sir Robert's intimate friend for many years, and through all the different stages of his power and retirement, prosperity and disgrace, has often said that Sir Robert Walpole was so little able to resist the show of repentance in those from whom he had received the worst usage, that a few tears and promises of amendment have often washed out the stains even of ingratitude.

"In all occurrences, and at all times, and in all difficulties, he was constantly present and cheerful: he had very little of what is generally called insinuation, and with which people are apt to be taken for the present, without being gained; but no man ever knew better among those he had to deal with who was to be had, on what terms, by what methods, and how the acquisition would answer. He was not one of those projecting, systematical great geniuses, who are always thinking in theory, and are above common practice; he had been too long conversant in business not to know that in the fluctuation of human affairs and variety of accidents to which the best concerted schemes are liable, they must often be disappointed who build on the certainty of the most probable events; and therefore seldom turned his thoughts to the provisional warding off future evils, which might or might not happen, or the scheming of remote advantages, subject to so many intervening crosses; but always applied himself to the present occurrence, studying and generally hitting upon the properest method to improve what was favourable, and the best expedient to extricate himself out of what was difficult. There never was any minister to whom access was so easy and so frequent, nor whose answers were more explicit. He knew how to oblige when he bestowed, and not to shock when he denied; to govern without oppressing, and conquer without triumph. He pursued his ambition without curbing his pleasures, and his pleasures without neglecting his business: he did the latter with ease, and indulged himself in the other without giving scandal or offence. In private life, and to all who had any dependence upon him, he was kind and indulgent: he was generous without ostentation, and an economist without penuriousness; not insolent in success, nor irresolute in distress; faithful to his friends, and not inveterate to his foes."

And here is Horace, *couleur de noir*:

"Horace Walpole, with all his defects, was certainly a very good treaty-dictionary, to which his brother often referred for facts necessary for him to be informed of, and of which he was capable of making good use; but to hear Horace himself talk on these subjects unrestrained, and without being turned to any particular point, was listening to a rhapsody that was never coherent, and often totally unintelligible. This made his long and frequent speeches in Parliament uneasy to his own party, ridiculous to the other, and tiresome to both. He loved business, had great application, and was indefatigable; but, from having a most unclear head, no genius, no method, and a most loose inconclusive manner of reasoning, he was absolutely useless to his brother in every capacity but that which I have already mentioned of a dictionary. He was a very disagreeable man in company, noisy, overbearing, affecting to be always jocose, and thoroughly the *mauvais plaisant*; as unbred in his dialect as in his apparel, and as ill bred in his discourse as in his behaviour and gestures; with no more of the look than the habits of a gentleman. A free, easy, cheerful manner of conversing made some people mistake him enough to think him good-natured; but he was far from it, and did many ill offices to people, and never that I heard of any good ones. Nor did he, with all the credit he was known to have with his brother, ever make one friend. Sir Robert was really humane, did friendly things, and one might say of him, as Pliny said of Trajan, and as nobody could say of his brother or his master, '*amicos habuit, quia amicus fuit*:'—'He had friends, because he was a friend.' Horace was envious, revengeful, inveterate, and implacable; but, from being afraid of his enemies, he had a behaviour towards them which many of them called good-humour, mistaking his timidity for serenity, and thinking, because he did not dare to strike, that he did not wish to wound."

Jenny Lind: a Sketch of her Life, with a Portrait, and a Swedish Air composed by Herself. By Dr. A. J. Becher. (Jenny Lind: eine Skizze ihres Lebens, u. s. f.) Wien. London, Thimm.

AN account of the life of the great singer of the day, from her birth in 1821 till the present time. Dr. Becher is an ardent admirer of the wonderful genius of the subject of his biography; and we almost wonder that in the present *furor* for the accomplished Swedish songstress, no publisher has put forth an English version of the anecdotes he has here gathered together.

The Fine Arts.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

Archæologia Hibernica; a Handbook of Irish Antiquities, Pagan and Christian. By William F. Wakeman. Dublin, James M'Glashan.

THIS interesting and most acceptable little work, though slight in execution, and scarcely making allowance for the ignorance of technical terms which prevails among the general class of readers, for whose use it would appear to have been compiled, supplies to a great extent the desideratum which every stranger to Irish archæology must have wished for on commencing his study of that most absorbing subject, and furnishes a clear and correct outline of the scale and connexion of the various branches of the science.

Hitherto, in all essays on Irish antiquities, however ingenious and learned they may be, one particular idea has pervaded the author's brain, and thus, almost entirely occupying the foreground of his imagination, has assumed an unnatural aspect, and engrossed a far larger share of his attention than its relative and intrinsic importance could justify. Thus the writings of General Vallancey, Sir William Betham, Mr. O'Brian, Miss Beaufort, and many others, have been comparatively useless; while the more able and admirable compositions

of O'Reilly, Petrie, Butler, O'Connor, and Lanigan (to name no more,) have failed, from their partial and controversial character, to present any thing like a just view of the subject, in its broad and general bearing.

It is not that the study of national archæology and history has been neglected in Ireland; on the contrary, the list of learned and intelligent writers *rerum Hibernicarum*, is most ample; but yet among them all, the man of the world, who seeks only for information, and has no time to waste in wading through oceans of detail and antiquarian dispute, searches in vain for such a general or popular account of the subject, as may, by interesting him at first in the outline, lead him at last to an enthusiastic examination of the subject in its minutest detail.

When we reflect that, scattered over the whole face of the island, are to be found, at this present time, remains, both Christian and Druidic, possessing greater interest, and perhaps in more perfect condition, than those of any other country in Europe; when we believe that the collections preserved in the museums of the Royal Irish Academy, the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, and in the cabinets of Messrs. Petrie, Butler,

and many others, are without a parallel in any other country, as illustrations of the manners and customs of the aboriginal races, from the Christian era down to the year 1100; and when we recollect, that from the sixth century until the tenth, the clergy of the Irish Church were accounted the most learned students and teachers of the "humanities" by all the other European nations; we cannot but feel that it is an absolute duty in all who would deem themselves really well informed, to devote some portion of their time to an investigation of the nature, condition, and peculiarities of the most interesting monuments of that country which we are wont to call our Sister. How far this appellation may be a misnomer, and how and why at present she may be "more than kind and less than kind," it is not for us to inquire now, it being our business rather to treat of her ancient glory, which we know to be for all time, than to examine into her present sorrows, which we trust most heartily may prove "but as the wind passing heedlessly over," and that all her old glory may soon be her own.

All her relics of the earliest stages of society resolve themselves into one of two classes, structural or public and personal or individual. Under the former head may be comprised cromlechs, pillar stones, cairns, raths or duns, tumuli, and temples; under the latter, torques, armlets, collars, weapons, celts, ring-money, vases, urns, &c. &c.

Considerable discussion has arisen among the learned on the question, "whether the Belgæ or Firbolgs (the primitive race in Ireland) were a Celtic or Teutonic colony?" Taking into consideration the many conflicting accounts, the only conclusion at which we can possibly arrive is, that several colonies from different countries may at various times have taken possession of tracts of land, and that these original tribes may have at last become fused into one victorious and predominant race, much on the agglomerative principle of the formation of the Roman kingdom.

The moment we attempt to enter on an examination of the magnificent, but, we fear, very baseless, fabric of a dream, the Milesian history and records of Ireland, all becomes obscure. Who and what this race, if it ever existed, was—what connexion it may have had with the Tuatha de Danaans, the Brigantes, Velabri, Luceni, and the thousand and one other tribes of which we meet with notices—human sagacity has not yet, and we fear never will, correctly make out. Turning, however, from the vague evidence of "bardic mss." to the actual condition of existing relics, we fancy that a gradual approximation to civilisation may be traced, from the flint arrow-head and stone celt, the loggan stone and the rude cromlech period, through the ages during which the more elaborate construction of such monuments as the extraordinary caves of Newgrange, Dowth, and Rathmullan was practised, to that epoch in the condition of humanity when intelligence was much more universally developed, when weapons of bronze and iron were substituted for stone and flint, when the warriors were wont to drive to battle in their chariots, decked with their golden collars, torques, and armillæ, and when casual intercourse with the Romans may have taught them some of the refinements of semibarbarity. Of such a state of partial civilisation, the wonderful museum of the Royal Irish Academy contains a series of extraordinarily perfect illustrations; and we trust and believe that the discoveries of fresh objects of value and interest, and the liberal additions made to it from time to time, may do more to settle all the *certamina doctorum*, than any efforts that those gentlemen could be able to make themselves, unaided by such documentary evidence.

In that perfectly unique and most wonderful Druidic Temple, the cave (as it is called) of New Grange, a rude approximation to structure is visible, the stones which form the upper part of the chamber resting upon one another, and so oversailing at each course as to diminish the diameter of the opening to be covered; thus forming a species of roof, domical in form, but of course not availing itself of the principle of the arch. From the centre chamber diverge three square recesses or arms, and also the low and narrow passage by which alone entrance can be obtained. Many of the large stones of

which the entrance and substructure are composed are covered with a most curious ornament, a succession of spirals, the drawing of which could have been executed by no unpractised hand. It is of great interest to trace the peculiar character of these incised lines, since they doubtless were the base on which the strange and individual style of meandering and geometrical ornament, so different in feeling from either the Runic or Anglo-Saxon, was afterwards superimposed. Mr. Wakeman's account and explanation of the duns or raths, the memorial and Ogham stones, and his condensation of Mr. Petrie's admirable article on the far-famed hill of Tara, and the Lia Fail, or stone of destiny, "upon which for many ages the kings of Ireland were crowned," and which is erroneously believed to have been carried to Scotland, are most clear and excellent. Without the aid of a constant reference to diagrams and views, it is impossible to convey a complete idea, or in fact any accurate notion, of the actual character of monuments, the slightest variation in the form of which may suggest some interesting conclusion; so that we can ourselves, though deeply impressed with the interest of these subjects, only urge upon the attention of all who may be desirous of picking up some knowledge of these most curious remains, the expediency of taking a look at Mr. Wakeman's pretty woodcuts, if they do not feel inclined to plunge into the mysteries of the connexion between Druidic remains and national archæology.

In turning the current of our thoughts from the Pagan monuments to those on which the hand of Christianity has laid her humanising and beautifying mark, we cannot but pause for one moment to tender our best and warmest thanks to that accomplished scholar, artist, and gentleman, through whose aid we are enabled alone to read their meaning aright, and through the labours of whose arduous and useful life a veil has been removed from the arcana of the ancient Irish Church. Need we mention that it is to Dr. Petrie we stand so much indebted? Need we say that his *Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland* is, in every respect, one of the most clear, satisfactory, convincing, and useful antiquarian works ever published?

Among the most interesting relics of the early ages of Christianity in Ireland, we must reckon those small rude huts which may have served the primitive and apostolic saints and anchorites for oratories and dwellings. These, Mr. Wakeman tells us, are "few in number, and to be found only in a confined district of the south-western part of Munster." Many of them were constructed in the wildest situations, on islands off the coast, almost unapproachable, and inaccessible. Our author thus describes one of these extraordinary retreats, where it seems scarcely possible that man could have existed:

"The island of Ard Oileau, or High Island, off the coast of Connemara, upon which are several of these circular habitations, and a church erected by Saint Fechin in the seventh century, is perhaps equally difficult of access. The ruins are encompassed by a wall or *caiséal* of uncemented stones, and occupy a position near the centre of the island.

"Sheep, which in summer are sent hither from the mainland to graze upon the short sweet grass with which a great portion of the island is covered, and a few martins, are their only occupants. Indeed, such is the lonely and desolate character of the place, that even the very birds appear in some measure to have lost their instinctive dread of intruders; and at the time of our visit, in the summer of 1839, the ground was literally strewn with their eggs, laid upon a few twigs of heath, or upon withered grass or straw, which had been probably picked up from the surface of the sea."

From the great apparent beauty of holiness that adorned the lives of the primitive fathers of the Irish Church, and the number and peculiar detail of the legends, written and traditional, handed down to us concerning them, the study of the hagiology of Ireland assumes a most interesting aspect. The advantage that the preservation of much local and personal evidence, still existing *in situ*, affords to the student, is incalculable; and when one is enabled to visit *in propria persona* the very dwellings which once served to shelter these holy men,—to look upon their handwriting, to turn over the pages of those very gospels, from the sacred teachings of which they were gifted with strength

to preach the true God to the famishing heathen,—to stand by and plunge the hand into those holy wells, by the side of which they may have stood to dispense the waters of baptism,—to enter into those sanctuaries where they may have offered their first sacrifices, and to touch the very bells with which they were wont to call in faith and hope their scanty flock to exercises of prayer and praise,—it stirs our hearts to an earnest sympathy with their labours, and a reverence for that self-denying example set us in their saintly lives. Utilitarians may, and sometimes do, laugh at the studies and fanaticism (as they are pleased to phrase it) of the professed antiquarian; but if, through their aid, the world of to-day can but learn to identify itself more with the good men and the good things of old, and to avoid the follies and crimes of their forefathers, and the mean and sordid aims of the struggling world around them, such prejudice will not long, we trust, disgrace an age that professes to call itself civilised.

Attached to, or nearly connected with, these ascetic habitations, which are usually small circular stone buildings (though at a later period square)—domed after the fashion of the Druid Temple of New Grange—are frequently found very rude little churches; and in close proximity to them the round tower so peculiarly Irish.

When, in the fifth century, St. Piran, a successor of St. Patrick, went forth as the apostle of Cornwall, he constructed on the sands that most interesting little church, the discovery of which has of late years created so great a sensation, and in a similar style with which the county displays so many curious relics.

To give any just idea of the detail of these structures in the limits of our present notice would, we fear, be utterly impossible. We must content ourselves with remarking, that generally the earliest consist of but one chamber; and that as they advance in date, so do they exhibit a greater sympathy with the distinctions and refinements essential to a more complicated system of ecclesiastical discipline. Mr. Petrie makes out a very good argument to establish the fact, that St. Patrick himself erected a stone church at Armagh, a spot which, from the end of the fifth century, became celebrated throughout Europe as the head quarters of learning and theological study.

It is certainly a gratifying proof of the sound character of the modern system of investigating the age of monuments, by reasonable analogies, drawn from a classification of the phenomena of style, to find that the studies of Mr. Wilkinson, whose practically architectural work discards to a great extent documentary research, lead to exactly the same general results as those of Mr. Petrie, which embrace the minutest examination of the authenticity of recorded evidence.

The ancient Irish churches are very small, 60 feet in length. They are invariably rectangular in plan,—round or octagonal chapels, or semicircular absides, being things unknown. The masonry was cypoleæan in character, and the doorways square-headed, with sides inclining inwards towards the head. That of the church of St. Fechin at Fore, erected probably within the first half of the seventh century, has a cross incised upon the lintel; and many other Christian symbols are to be found upon contemporary structures.

To detail the peculiarities of art in Ireland at this period in the limits of a single article being perfectly hopeless, we trust our readers will allow us to gossip to them a little further upon the subject next week, and to say a few words especially on the much-mooted question of the round towers. In the mean time, we would urge them to try to take our office from us, and judge for themselves of the merits of Mr. Wakeman's *Archæologia Hibernica*.

Fearful that our literary contribution might not possess much charm, or much enhance the popular interest in Irish art, we have essayed with the pencil to give some slight notion of the perfection to which the sister country arrived in her *élancemens artistiques*, and have placed at the head of our remarks a few examples of her antiquities of various periods.

The first is a sketch of early English pier-caps, existing in Christchurch, Dublin. The peculiar figure (No. 2), represented as bearing a species of double trefoil in his hand, is an angel, traced from the frontispiece to the

Book of Kells, the most extraordinary Irish ms. in existence. The two small ornaments are taken from the same book, and exhibit the progressive development of the peculiar spiral to which we have previously adverted. The larger ornament is taken from the cross of Cong, the most precious relic preserved in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. It was executed in the year 1123, and, in the style and beauty of its ornament, bears a remarkable testimony to the skill of the native artificers at that epoch.

ON ENTHUSIASM IN ART.

It is one of the most singular peculiarities in the English language, that correlative substantives and adjectives, together with other parts of speech, have frequently meanings extremely different in import. Words originally derived from the same source, and not changed by the lapse of time in spelling or in sound, or in *essential* signification, yet acquire a colour, when used as expressive of qualities, in a remarkable degree distinct from that which belongs to them as signs of actual things. The changes in our tongue during the last three or four hundred years have been so peculiar and so gradual, that it is for the most part impossible to trace the origin of these striking variations in meaning in words apparently the same; but still the fact remains; while it is one of the surest tokens that a man has a thorough and scholar-like knowledge of our language, that he is able to employ all these endless varieties of the parts of speech without introducing any confusion of ideas, in consequence of the unfortunate apparent similarity of words, which, though the same in origin, are now sometimes diametrically contrary to each other in signification.

Of course, great mischief often follows from this defect in our vehicle for expressing ourselves. The minds of readers, and still more of mere hearers, are bewildered in a sort of intellectual puzzle. Apparently faultless syllogisms, based upon unquestionably correct premises, bring forth conclusions, at the sight of which common sense stands aghast. We get ourselves into a perfect maze of thought, and wonder how in the world it happens that we cannot see our way in the course we wish to follow, and that the more we analyse our verbal forms of argument, the more hopelessly we are confused and led astray.

The peculiarities of this species attaching to the word "Enthusiasm," have given birth to almost as much bewilderment of idea, and as much nonsense in writing and talking, as those belonging to any other word in the English language. The shades of meaning between the two noun-substantives and the adjective, which are all three derived from one origin, are at first sight so slight, that nobody imagines he can be deceiving himself in employing them as strictly synonymous; while at the same time the ideas they express are so far removed from the subjects of daily, commonplace, eating and drinking existence, that thousands of people go on all through their lives venting a boundless abundance of superficial declamation through the means of these unlucky sounds, wholly unconscious that they are involving themselves, and every one who accepts their statements, in a cloud of mystification and delusion.

We all know what the word enthusiasm is derived from. It originally implies, the action of a species of supernatural influence, which seizes hold of the soul, possessing it by a kind of spell, and moulding all its faculties and emotions to an obedience to the dictates of the inspiring power. In its primary sense, it was specially applicable to the state of mind in which the prophetesses of the ancient Pagan oracles uttered to the world the mysteries communicated to them by the afflatus of the supposed divinity. In modern times, the word has naturally dropped its first and fullest signification, but has retained a kindred meaning, so nearly allied to its ancient import, that the connexion is at once obvious. Enthusiasm now implies a species of possession, though not under the potent charm of a heathen deity. It rather betokens the energetic, fervent, and persevering action to which we are roused by the presence in our minds of certain ideas and opinions,

which, as it were, seize hold of our faculties, and compel us to do their bidding, not leaving us free by night or by day, but colouring all the thoughts of our minds, and shaping all the course of our life, into more or less conformity with the great end which this indwelling idea compels us to seek to carry out with all the powers of our souls.

But note this peculiarity in the English derivatives from the old Greek, that the three words, *enthusiastic*, *enthusiasm*, and an *enthusiast*, express three distinct ideas of the mind, which are regarded with very different degrees of approbation by every calm and well-judging man. Unless qualified in some way or other, the word *enthusiastic* is generally used in a good sense, *enthusiasm* perhaps as often in a good as in a bad sense, while an *enthusiast* almost invariably is employed as a term of reproach. When we call a person enthusiastic, none but the cold, calculating, and unimaginative esteem such a quality as any thing that interferes with the perfect action and balance of all the powers of the mind; when we talk of the enthusiasm with which he pursues his ends, and works out the ideas which he has embraced as good and true, we suspend our judgment as to his wisdom or folly until we know on what subjects it is that the term is applied to him; but an enthusiast is at once set down as a creature half way between a man of sense and a madman, until it is definitely stated that he possesses all the usual faculties of his species, and uses them as every person of sound mind ought to use them. In short, while we should all admit that every great man who has ever benefited or influenced his fellow-creatures has been *enthusiastically* devoted to the cause he had undertaken, or the ideas on which he acted, we should scarcely hesitate to look upon *enthusiasts* as a kind of somnambulists awake, who were unable to distinguish between their visions and dreams, and the realities of actual existence.

I. Thus much being premised, by way of preparation, and in defence of the terms we are about to employ, we will turn to our subject itself, and inquire whether, in its good sense, *enthusiasm* be not a necessary condition of all success in the fine arts, and whether they do not deserve to be cultivated with that enthusiastic devotion, without which, we believe, no eminence or excellence can be attained. We need scarcely say that we do account enthusiasm to be an essential element in the character of the real artist. We do not mean that, for the sake of art, he is to neglect any one of the common practical duties of life—that he is to be a bad husband, a negligent parent, a waster of his substance, a talker of rhodomontade to his friends. We do not mean that he is to go with his beard unshaven, his coat unbrushed, and his shoes unblackened. We do not wish to see him scorning the conventionalities of decent society, and playing the fool in order to convince the world that he is a genius. These eccentricities are not the result of enthusiasm, but either of ignorance, of selfishness, of folly, or of a defect in certain mental powers or bodily senses.

The enthusiastic artist is one who is so profoundly sensible of the nobleness and excellency of his calling, as to value it above all the earthly, money-getting, or mechanical occupations which are the lot of the vast majority of mankind; and still more, above the childish frivolities of fashion, and the vulgar enjoyments of the wealthy and the proud. He is enthusiastic, in that he carries about with him, at all hours, a consciousness of the greatness of the trust which is imposed upon him; of the eternal goodness and purity of the truths which it is his vocation to express to his fellow-creatures, and of the intimate and essential connexion between the powers of art and the highest portion of our human nature. He is enthusiastic in the pursuit of his profession, because he perceives that art is, as it were, the link between the visible and the invisible, between the immaterial spirit of man and the material universe in which he is placed, between that eternity which is to come, and that time which is now present. Possessed with such a consciousness, he is subject to no more disturbing influences in the practical action of his powers in his every-day life, than a devout Christian feels under the operation of those eternal and overwhelming truths, which are the foundation of his religious exist-

ence. As the pious and consistent believer in the faith of Jesus Christ is pre-eminently a man of common sense, while he is enthusiastically devoted to the development of his religious principles and ideas every moment that he exists, so, too, there ought to be a perfect harmony between that outward prosaic life to which every man is summoned by Divine Providence, and that inward poetic life which is the privilege of every true artist of every age and country. It is the very office of the artist to harmonise all the facts of existence, whether bodily or mental, spiritual or visible: it is his duty to bring the seen and the unseen to bear upon one another in such a manner as to make each the complement of the other, and to reduce to order that moral chaos which has resulted from the disturbance of the original laws upon which this world and its inhabitants were created. If in any way whatever the artist aims at oddity and eccentricity—if consciously or unconsciously he runs counter unnecessarily to the recognised customs of his time—if, under the pretence of the irresistible power of the inspiration which sways his whole being, he makes a fool of himself, or affronts his friends, or neglects his family, or behaves like a grown-up child,—so far he is no true artist at all; he is flying in the face of the very principles he is summoned to enunciate, and creating a disturbance in that state of existence in which he is called to be a teacher of peace, and love, and self-denial.

Such, then, is the enthusiasm of the devoted lover and servant of art. He is an enthusiast in its pursuit, only because he regards it as a species of religion, as a natural and worthy handmaid to that archetypal religion, which is the fruit of the revelation from God to man, and which has the first claim upon the powers of the soul. Next to the honour and privilege of being a Christian, he counts it the highest office to which a man can be called, to be allowed in any way, whether as artist, poet, or philosopher, to expound the unrevealed mysteries of human existence, to assist the spirit in its efforts to rule over and innocently enjoy the visible creation, and to employ every thing that is great, sublime, pure, and lovely to the bodily sense, as an instrument for the expression of the emotions of that mind, without which the world in which we are placed is as the firmament without a sun.

II. But if enthusiasm be allowable in art, it follows at once that it is necessary to its perfection. Lukewarmness in art is almost as absurd and mischievous in its degree as lukewarmness in the fulfilment of our religious and social duties. If it be true that the occupation of the artist is of so elevated and ennobling a character, that he may be allowed to follow it with an ardent devotion and enthusiastic energy; it must also be true, that any thing less than this fervent state of feeling is *unworthy* of the artist's calling, and positively *detrimental* to his success. Let all things be valued according to their real merit, and according to their intrinsic value let them be pursued, either with cool, business-like propriety, or with a warm-hearted and persevering fervour. If trifles, let them perpetually be made to give way to better things; but if they are essentially great, pure, and exalting, let us throw ourselves with all our hearts into their pursuit, esteeming them at the price they demand, and making all other less important matters subservient to their cultivation. It is no sign of common sense, or acute, practical wisdom, to undervalue what is great, or to be ashamed to devote ourselves to what we know to be good, through fear of the sneers of a booby world. There is nothing to be ashamed of in that fervent love with which the genuine artist esteems his profession. Rather he is a foolish, timid, inconsistent worshipper of vanities, if he suffers himself to be beguiled from a hearty esteem of his high pursuit, because a vulgar and low-minded age thinks fit to class him somewhere or other below the herd who live only to get money, and spend money only to shew other people that they have it to spend.

We may rest assured, whatever be our calling, that we can never succeed in it, unless we give it precisely that measure of our affections and energies which, from its intrinsic merits, it has a right to demand. Trifles are better done by those who look upon them as trifles,

than by those who are so infatuated as to think them the highest end of human existence. Tailors and milliners are often silly enough to think that the great use of the human frame is to wear clothes; but who that wanted to attain the *beau-ideal* in dress, whether for comfort or for beauty, would dream of going to a tailor or milliner for the result of his lucubrations? And so, on the other hand, when a man's calling is essentially noble and inspiring, he may rest assured that never will he worthily follow it up, so long as he undervalues it in the smallest degree, or hesitates to devote himself to its pursuit with a fully adequate measure of determination and enthusiasm. Correctness, study, learning, daily and nightly toil, candour, reflection, and every other admirable quality and qualification, will fail of producing their legitimate end, so long as they are not animated with that living fire of love and veneration, which the nature of art has a right to call into life. A cold, tame, passionless artist is an anomaly in nature. If he is physically disabled from being any thing better, and the fault is not in the will and intention, he will suffer less from the defect, than if he were capable of enthusiasm, but scorned or neglected such "exaggerated" feelings; but in every other case, the artist will rise little above the level of the manufacturer and the mechanic, so long as he gives his *heart*—(reserving, of course, their due supremacy to the feelings of religion and humanity)—to any other object than to his noble calling.

Here, indeed, has been the bane of modern, and especially of modern English, art. The artist has been despised by a stupid public, and he has deserved it, because he has not appreciated his profession at its right value, nor rendered himself worthy of it by a superiority to the vulgar modes of thought and action, which are so utterly at variance with its essential nature. The artist's work, indeed, has been called a profession: but how few have ever thought of giving it a place with what they call the three professions! Popular prejudice has ranked the painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the musician, as something decidedly below the gentleman, below the poet, below the man of letters, below the wholesale dealer in foreign imports, in money, or in wine and timber. We question, indeed, whether the artist, as such, is not still counted as something decidedly inferior to the respectable tradesman.

How far all this absurdity has followed from a tame acquiescence on the part of the servants of art themselves, and how far they have failed in rendering themselves more worthy of a high place in the esteem of their age, we shall not now inquire, except so far as the question bears upon our own immediate subject. And that a want of honest and unselfish enthusiasm in their profession has been one cause of the degradation of art and artists in the popular judgment of past days, we have, indeed, little doubt. The artist, in all his varieties, has not lived up to his profession; tortured by poverty, ashamed of the want of adequate early cultivation, shrinking before the silly *hauteur* of the proud or titled great, aiming with a foolish fondness at the attainment of riches and fame as the worthy end of all an artist's toils, he has given a colour to the prejudices against which he struggled, while art itself has suffered miserably in his hands. The history of art shews us, that where the artist has counted his calling as deserving of his highest regards, and looked upon the opinion of the world, and its solid rewards, as of secondary importance, he has invariably succeeded in overcoming prejudices, and winning himself a good name; if only he have possessed that natural genius and careful cultivation which alone give him a right to expect such success. Every body more or less respects an enthusiastic artist. Every body who has "a soul above buttons" does homage to the inherent nobility of art, when they see it devotedly and consistently pursued by a man of energy, talent, self-sacrifice, and upright character. Even the mob of fools puts on the mask of wisdom, and joins in the chorus of eulogy, were it only for the sake of being in the fashion. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who felt so truly the dignity of his calling, that it is said that when he painted George the Third and his Queen, the young sovereigns were more in awe of the painter than he of them,—achieved for

himself a name and a place in the esteem of his contemporaries, at least as much by his ardent devotion to his profession, as by any commanding talents or singular genius conferred upon him by nature.

Were it only, then, with a view of rising to his rightful place in society, the artist of every kind ought to cast away from him that lifeless following-up of the mere routine of study, which, however essential as a portion of his education, can never raise him to the condition to which he aspires. Until his soul is warmed to energetic life and action; until he perceives the noble end at which he is summoned to aim; until he strives to penetrate into the nature of that hidden spirit of beauty, life, and grace, which it is his vocation to embody before his fellow-creatures, and having discerned it, learns to devote himself to its exposition with all the fire and perseverance of which his nature is capable,—he will never present himself to the world with such claims upon its respect as will be admitted by men of shrewdness and vigorous sense; he will deservedly be looked upon as a mere cultivator of what is bodily, sensual, trivial, luxurious, and transitory. Till he pursues his calling with the same devoted energies with which the merchant seeks gain, the soldier fame, and the politician power, he must be satisfied to rank with those whose occupations are so material, so trifling, so unworthy of passionate admiration, that we can accord their followers no better rank than a place among the hewers of wood and drawers of water of the social system.

This, however, is but a comparatively low view of the motives which ought to rouse the artist to an enthusiastic devotion to his profession. There are others far higher, arising partly from the peculiar nature of art itself, depending as it does for all excellence upon the cultivation of the poetic and imaginative faculties, and partly from the ultimate destinies of those intellectual powers which are called into play in the production and admiration of works of art,—which, when united in the perfect artist, stimulate him to an enthusiastic devotion to his work, and suffer him not for a single hour to forget what he is, or to live a solitary day without some effort to advance towards the end he has in view. These points, however, demand so much fuller a treatment than they can receive in a few closing sentences, that we shall reserve them for another occasion, hoping, if possible, to return to them in our next number.

Practical Essays on various Branches of the Fine Arts: to which is added, a Critical Inquiry into the Principles and Practice of the late Sir David Wilkie.

By John Burnet, F.R.S. London, Bogue.

MR. BURNET is an artist who has devoted so much time to the study of what may fairly be called the principles of the mechanism of painting, that this republication of some of his papers, though they were originally written several years ago, will be welcome to all who are engaged in the practical study of the art. It is this professional criticism, indeed, which gives its chief value to the volume before us. It contains little which is not more or less technical, and little which touches upon the higher portions of the student's meditations and labours. The effects of colour, in all its boundless variety, have ever been Mr. Burnet's great study; and notwithstanding an occasional sentence, in which he recognises the existence of the highest principles of art, we cannot help thinking that he is far from perceiving the exact place which is due to his favourite material, in the rank to be assigned to the many qualifications which go to make up the truly great picture. He has studied so long and so carefully all the varieties of texture, of handling, of colour-mixing, of grounds, of glazing, of the composition of light and shade, and of the definite effect of a picture upon the eye, that (perhaps unconsciously) he has omitted ever to connect the laws of pure, harmonious, and gorgeous colouring with those emotions of the mind which it is the office of colour to embody and express.

Taken apart from this defect, and estimated at their own real importance, Mr. Burnet's remarks and reflections will be found to be well worthy the attention

both of the student and the advanced painter. He has looked so closely into the practice of the Venetians, of Rubens, of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Lawrence, and of Wilkie, that probably few persons are more qualified to give instructions in the technical portion of the art, so far as it relates to what must be called simply and literally *painting*. All through the book also there is so much that is good, solid, and sensible, so far as it goes, that, in the present dearth of any thing like criticism of the highest order, these essays must be accepted as amongst the most *useful* little additions to the young painter's library which have for some time appeared.

One of the most interesting papers in the series is that which treats on the comparative merits of Vandyke, Reynolds, and Lawrence. Here, indeed, as all through the volume, we find a great want of method in the author's arrangement of what he has to say, considerable tautology, paragraphs of interminable length, and that want of command over the beauties and force of the English language, which is, unfortunately, so much the characteristic of what is now written on the subject. Mr. Burnet, though a professional artist, is too much of an amateur writer, and would have done well to submit his sentences to the criticism of some friendly scholar, who with a few strokes of the pen would have made the book as readable again as it is in its present shape. We mean no peculiar reproach to our author when we say, that every such publication only serves to convince us the more, how much the mind and studies of the English artist require to be elevated and cultivated by reading, thought, and a better general education, than, alas, is now their general lot. Mr. Burnet himself on one occasion expresses his conviction, that the artist must boldly assert his own rights, and claim his proper position in the world, before the world in general will do homage to his powers, or suffer him to cultivate them with the best advantage to his art.

The paper of which we are speaking is, indeed, very far from attempting any profound or complete criticisms on the essential merits of the three artists. It is rather a comparison of their habits of manipulation, of their technical and mechanical methods of production, and of their general notions and practice on the subject of colour and chiaroscuro. Thus far, it is both agreeable and valuable. An extract from it will serve as a very fair example of the author's style.

"Sir Joshua, in the treatment of his heads, depends more upon the effect of the chiaroscuro for the result, blending the soft pearly shadows of Correggio with the transparent tones of Rembrandt, mixed with the sharp and decided forms of Titian. Sir Thomas Lawrence, on the contrary, seems to have depended more upon the resemblance and local colour of the individual parts for his likenesses; hence, though they are more life-like and intense, the features look mean and little: for the sake of preserving a breadth of light in the whole mask, the darks of the eyes and hair look blacker than in nature, and the lips, especially of his women, look redder than life; and though a full red lip is the sign of health and beauty, and though great intenseness and individuality of character reside in the eye, yet we perceive, when these are overdone, the dignity of the art seems sacrificed to inferior sensations. The women of Vandyke look often stiff and formal, and less inviting than those of Reynolds: Sir Joshua's, though full of graceful beauty, yet possess a look of chaste dignity: while those of Lawrence, more beautiful than either, look more bewitching than modesty warrants. In writing, however, upon the personification of beauty, we must always bear in mind the influence of fashion upon the taste of the artist; and what is chaste in one reign may be considered prude and pedantic in the next: in all these changes the portrait painter is entangled; and his works, especially those of the English artists, may be consulted with as much certainty as any other mercurial gauge. The virtue and good taste of Charles I. had refined and sobered down to some authority the vulgar coarseness of his father's court; and the pencil of Vandyke portrayed those ladies, whose voluptuous manners, as the wives of Cavaliers, were held in check by the scrutinising eyes of the Puritans. Hence we often see a coldness and formality in his female portraits, which is still more observable in Dobson's, who painted inferior classes. At the Restoration, the whole seemed changed, as if by enchantment: 'Art (Cunningham observes, in his *Life of Lely*,) was no longer grave and devout, as under the first Charles. Loose attire and looser looks were demanded now; no one was so ready to comply as Sir Peter Lely, and it must be confessed that no other artist could have brought such skill and talent to the task.' The sleepy eye, the

long eyelashes, the pouting lips, and voluptuous exposures of Lely and Kneller, owe their existence to the reign of Charles II., who was more fitted for the keeper of a Persian harem than a British Court. With the chaste Queen Charlotte came a different order of things; and the skill of Reynolds was required to give grace to the pomatumed pyramids of powdered hair, and that dignity which beauty acquires from appearing the preserver of its highest quality. Bacon says, 'That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life.' Sir Joshua seems to have laboured to represent this inward excellence; and we can fancy the grace and charms of his females will remain when their colour has fled. The early associations of Lawrence combined to deprive his works of this inherent superiority; his women look too conscious of their attractions, and the feelings they inspire in the spectator are rarely of sufficient force to prevent him having an inclination to break the tenth commandment. Had Lawrence, like Reynolds, enjoyed the constant admonitions of a moralist such as Johnson, the superficial glozes engendered in youth might have been eradicated, and we should have witnessed their effect in his pictures."

The papers on the Present State of the Fine Arts in Great Britain are the most generally interesting portions of the volume; and though we are not prepared to subscribe to every opinion which Mr. Burnet expresses, we cannot but say that it will be well for art in this country when the greater part of his suggestions are carried into execution. One grand absurdity which he condemns, the imprisonment of the Cartoons at Hampton Court, where few can see and literally none can study them with any material benefit, is one of those anomalies in the present condition of the few treasures we really possess, which we cannot but trust will soon be done away with. When the Houses of Parliament are completed, let us hope that the Government will lose no time in stirring up the House of Commons to a grant of money for giving us a building which shall deserve to hold those immortal works. How crying is the need of something both to rouse the national taste and to act as a perennial source of instruction upon the artist-world, let a passage or two from Mr. Burnet's criticisms shew:

"Hogarth had to sell his pictures by raffle, and Wilson was obliged to retire into Wales, from its affording a cheaper living: so much for the discernment and patronage of the period. It was but the other day the committee of the British Institution purchased a picture of Gainsborough's for eleven hundred guineas, and presented it to the National Gallery as an example of excellence; and yet this very picture hung for years in the artist's painting-room without a purchaser, though the price was only fifty pounds. But while we censure the ignorance of former times, we cannot praise the taste or knowledge of our own generation.' Let us take the case of Sir David Wilkie as an example: an artist who has founded a school of art unknown before in this or in any other country,—a combination of the invention of Hogarth with the pictorial excellences of Ostade and Teniers; yet this artist's works, on his coming to London in 1804, were exposed in a shop-window, at Charing Cross, for a few pounds, and a work for which he could only receive fifteen guineas, was sold the other day for eight hundred. Do transactions such as these shew the taste or discernment of the public? Lord Mansfield thought thirty pounds a large sum for the 'Village Politicians;' and Sir George Beaumont, as a kind act of patronage, gave him a commission to paint the picture of the 'Blind Fiddler,' and paid him fifty guineas for what would now bring a thousand at a public sale. It seems, therefore, a fair inference, that a discerning public, or a patronising nobility, are only shewn when an artist's reputation makes it safe to encourage him; then also come out the laudations of the public press, with their astute display of critical lore. The besetting sin of this country is politics—a subject which excludes every other, in a great degree, from consideration and acquirement: from the cradle to the coffin, the whole energies of life are employed in the struggle between the aristocracy and democracy for an extension of power, to the total exclusion of those refinements which tend to humanise the mind and embellish society."

And again, speaking of the art of the past generation, compared with our own, our author says:

"Commonplace representation of every thing adapted to the meanest capacity spread over the country, from the penny coloured print of the 'Farm-yard,' and the green and red plaster-of-Paris parrot, to the designs for the opera of 'The Maid of the Mill,' by Richards, and the refined prettinesses of Angelica Kauffman, whose draperies Fuseli used to designate, with an absence of all gallantry, as 'a bundle of rags,' combined with

which were the coloured nudities of Cipriani and Bartolozzi, now to be seen only in houses of a low description. Compared with these, our prints of the present day (from which, in a great measure, the taste of a people can be judged of,) are less vicious in every sense of the word, notwithstanding the importation from Paris of modern French engravings; nevertheless, a true relish for all that is good or valuable in art is totally absent; and works possessing the modest merit of truth stand little chance of being even looked at, much less of being patronised. Every thing in the present day requires a certain forced expression to attract attention; the light and shade harsh and cutting, the colouring full of the extremes of hot and cold, and the outline extravagant and absurd. In one department we have a display of female beauty, with eyes preposterously large, and mouths ridiculously small; in another walk of art, subjects filled with the most mawkish sentiment; our landscapes bedecked with colours as if Nature was one universal flower-garden, and our portraits represented as if they were nearer the eye of the spectator than the frame which contains them: and why is all this overstrained execution, but to gratify the bad taste and ignorant gaze of an uneducated public? Nor is this ignorance confined to the lower classes: we find the patronage of the nobility, both in portraiture and in other works, often extended to painters unworthy of the name of artists."

On one point of present practical interest we entirely disagree with Mr. Burnet. He approves of the interference of the Board of Trade in the regulation of the kind of prints to be distributed by the Art-Union, and of the rules by which the prizeholders are to choose their pictures. We are surprised that practical men, who have the slightest knowledge of the character of that love for art which Art-Union subscribers are supposed to possess, should dream of thinking that they would endure to have their affairs thus meddled with by any Government Board whatever. That the subscriptions should fall off, as has been the case, might have been anticipated by every person of sense, who was aware that nine-tenths of the prizes are drawn by people who know about as much of art as they know of Sanscrit, and *therefore* would be as little likely to esteem their own judgment to be inferior to that of all the Royal Academy in a body, as to commission the R.A.s to order their dinners for them for the ensuing year. When will mankind learn practically that ignorance is the parent of self-satisfaction? and when will the people in authority comprehend that the incompetence of the Art-Union supporters is the very reason why they should be humoured in their foolish fancies, and suffered to spend their money in their own way?

Whether also it is worth while to meddle at all in the matter, is a question for consideration. We do not ourselves think the affairs of the Art-Union worth a moment's serious trouble on the part of those who are anxious to elevate the national taste. The system is one which cannot co-exist with any healthy or advanced state of artistic cultivation; it is a playing at being amateurs—a sort of system for cheating the covetous into a notion that they are lovers of the beautiful; and the Board of Trade would do well to let the association look after its own affairs, and make the best of the business they have begun. However well meant, it will never be any thing but a society for the production of bad pictures. The Board of Trade may kill the rickety infant with their doctoring, but they will never bring it up to vigorous youth and manhood.

Journal of the Week.

June 9.

AFTER Sir G. Grey had stated, in reply to a question of Mr. G. Thompson, that the police had behaved with great forbearance in the late disturbances in Clerkenwell, the adjourned debate on the Navigation and Regulation of Ships and Seamen was resumed by Sir J. Walsh, who said he could not give his support to a speculative and experimental measure of this kind, which made organic changes in a system of laws which had now existed for 200 years, and had been contemporaneous with our naval greatness.

Mr. M'Gregor contended that the opponents of the repeal of the Navigation Laws relied on a position which was at variance with all experience.

Mr. Miles said he had listened with the deepest attention to the speech of Mr. M'Gregor, but had not heard a single argument to convince him that we ought to dispense with those laws, which uphold our maritime ascendancy, and confer upon us other invaluable advantages.

Sir G. Clerk explained the reasons which induced him to vote in favour of the resolutions of the Government and against the amendment of Mr. Herries. He had been a member of the committee which sat last year on the Navigation Laws; and the evidence taken before that committee had produced a conviction in his mind that it was necessary, without loss of time, to make important alterations in those laws. In 1824 it was said that those laws would ruin the carrying trade of England, and would displace a large amount of British tonnage. Those predictions had all been signally falsified, as he shewed at some length; and so would be the equally doleful predictions now hazarded of injury to the country from foreign competition when the remaining Navigation Laws were also abrogated.

Mr. Cardwell approved of the Government measure, but objected to some of the details.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer abstained from following Mr. Cardwell into the objections which he had urged against the details of the Government plan, because another and more fitting opportunity would arise for such a discussion. He had no fear of the British shipowner suffering under the repeal of the Navigation Laws; for the history of our shipping since 1825 abounded with proof that the British shipowner could compete successfully with the shipowner of every part of the world, and could also build ships as cheap as the shipowner of any country in Europe, Asia, and America; while our ships were universally admitted to be more durable than those of any other country.

The debate was adjourned.

—Another Chartist leader, John William Vernon, was yesterday committed for trial. The anniversary meeting of the charity children of London and the neighbourhood took place yesterday in St. Paul's Cathedral.

—On Wednesday a tea-party of above 300 operatives celebrated the anniversary of the passing of the Ten Hours Bill at Manchester. The Dean of Manchester presided. Lord Ashley and Mr. Feilden were present and spoke.

—The election returns for the city of Paris shew that Causidière, Thiers, General Changarnier, and Victor Hugo have been elected. Three Communists and Sectionnaires, Pierre Leroux, Proudhon, and Lagrange, were also chosen.

After a stormy debate in the National Assembly, the decree for preventing tumultuous assemblies in the streets was carried by 478 against 82. Several additional regiments are to arrive in Paris this day.

The threatened general strike amongst the engineers employed on the various railroads has not taken place. The expenses of the national workshops, since their creation on the 6th of March to the day on which M. Emile Thomas was removed from their direction—a period of eighty-one days—amount to the sum of 7,240,000*fr.* (289,600*l.*)

—The report of the capture of two Danish battalions is confirmed. Gravenstein was bombarded by them, but they were eventually repulsed by General Wrangle. A rumour accompanies this intelligence, to the effect that a Danish *corps d'armée* of 6000 men is surrounded by the Prussian troops. The Radical party in Copenhagen is said to have gained its point; that is to say, the proposals for peace have been successfully resisted.

—Proclamations of the Provisional Government of Milan give the following account of the battle at Goito:

On the 29th a numerous Austrian corps made an unexpected sally from the walls of Mantua, assailing the extreme right of our army from the part of the Tuscan quarters between the Grazie and Curtatone. The brave Tuscans, although inferior in number, opposed the most heroic resistance to the first impetus of the enemy. The University battalion fought bravely, but valour was obliged to cede to the great disproportion of the numbers. The Tuscans retreated beyond the Mincio, leaving about 180 dead upon the field, and 300 wounded. The names of those who fell for our liberty will live for ever in all Italian hearts. Meanwhile, General Bava, commanding the right wing, had reunited his troops on the part of Goito, and on the morning of the 30th the King Charles Albert came into the field from the quarter-general of Vallegio, perceiving that the hour for a great battle was come. The Austrians were in number 30,000, and had with them 130 pieces of artillery. At the encounter, our troops had only about 20,000 men and 46 cannon. The battle was tremendous; the fire of the artillery lasted about seven hours from both parts. The King and the Duke of Savoy both exposed themselves to the continual fire of the enemy, animating with their example the valour of the soldiers. At nightfall the enemy was repulsed upon the whole line.

June 10.

In the House of Lords yesterday, after a conversation on the Peninsular Medals question, Lord Campbell moved the second reading of the bill for registering births, deaths, and marriages in Scotland. The object of the bill, and another on

the provisions of marriage, introduced at the same time, is to assimilate the Scotch with the English law. The bills were read.

—In the Commons, Lord Palmerston informed Mr. Disraeli that in questions of colonial chaplaincies he should, for the future, dispense with any episcopal license, when the Bishop refused to give it, as the law permitted him to do so. The Navigation Laws debate was then resumed.

Lord George Bentinck commenced against the ministerial measure, which, he said, would destroy the British navy, which, in his opinion, could not endure the iron hand of competition, and English greatness and glory would come to an end.

Mr. Hume defended the bill; Admiral Bowles spoke against it.

Mr. Cobden made an able and characteristic speech. I never (said he) heard but one opinion expressed in every part of the world where I have been, that the English sailor has natural qualities superior to those of the sailors of all other nations. None could go aloft better in a gale of wind; none in the greatest danger could shew such calmness, courage, and energy as he. These are his natural qualities, which will always belong to him, in spite of all moral disadvantages. But let us try and educate him morally, in addition to his physical superiority, and so improve the man as to render him less vulnerable to competition than he now is. If, then, we are agreed that we can build ships cheaper here than abroad, and if our sailors are naturally of as good qualities as any in the world, then I ask why we should not be able to compete with foreigners, as it is called, on the sea? We have especial advantages over all the world; for however great our manufacturers may be, or our farmers may be, there can be no doubt that from our peculiar insular position we are of necessity a maritime people. It is the inherent nature of the British race; it is our passion. As the camel is to the men of the desert, or as the horse is to the Tartar, so are ships to the English people. We could not live without ships—we should be barbarians if we were not sailors. If you adopt the principle of free trade in navigation, should war at any future time arise, you render it almost impossible for the system of maritime warfare—especially by privateers—to be carried on; for when ships under all flags are carrying the commodities of all nations, you will defy armaments to find the commodities of which they are in quest, and you will put a strong obstacle in the way of war by removing one of the greatest inducements which has hitherto led mankind to engage in war.

Mr. Disraeli made a brilliant protectionist speech, on a good many subjects besides the Navigation Laws, winding up as follows:—I cannot help thinking, after what has occurred since the beginning of this eventful session, that in the present state of affairs abroad—Naples in a state of siege, Paris in insurrection, Vienna in revolt, Berlin barricaded, the Baltic and the Adriatic visited by hostile ships of war,—I cannot think that the Hon. Member for the West Riding himself can scarcely be so devout a believer as he was in the *quies gentium sine armis*. I do not pretend, I have not any claim, to a prophetic power; but in reading past history we may find some instructive admonitions for our conduct at present. Amid the fall of thrones and the crash of empires around us, I know of no circumstance more remarkable than that strange anarchy and that mysterious demoralisation which have lately fallen upon those vast armies which were once considered the best mainstay of power and authority. I cannot help thinking that when we have seen the startling accounts of the power of those armies of France, Austria, and Prussia, which have deserted their masters in the hour of their need,—I cannot help thinking that an Englishman must have remembered with pride, and perhaps with satisfaction, that our legions reposed upon the waters. Sir, at least I will not incur the responsibility, even by my humble vote, of endangering that empire, gained by so much valour, guarded by so much vigilance—that empire broader than both Americas, and richer than furthestmost Ind, which was fore-shadowed in its infancy by the genius of Blake, and consecrated in its culminating glory by the blood of Nelson—the empire of the seas.

Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell spoke last, when the House divided, 294 being in favour of going into committee, and 177 against it.

—The annual examination of the girls of the British and Foreign School Society, in the Central School in the Borough Road, took place yesterday. Sir Charles Lemon, M.P., took the chair. The room was crowded to excess.

—The prospectus of the new journal, the *Irish Felon*, has been issued; the first number will be published on Saturday, the 24th instant. The editors publicly announced are Mr. Martin, of Loughorne, a northern Protestant; Mr. Devin Reilly, and Mr. J. Lawlor.

—The successful candidates for Paris have been announced by the Mayor in the following order:

	Votes.
Caussidière, ex-préfet de police	146,716
Moreau, maire, ancien député de Paris	136,650
Goudchaux, banquier	106,983
Changarnier, général	105,301
Thiers, ex-député	97,546
Pierre Leroux, économiste	90,577
Victor Hugo, homme de lettres	86,726
Louis Bonaparte	84,431
Lagrange, ex-détenu politique	98,180
Boissel, ex-député	77,118
Proudhon, économiste	74,414

Caussidière, Leroux, Proudhon, and Lagrange, are all Ultras. This is a significant fact in the present state of parties in Paris.

The vote of the National Assembly on Wednesday night, by which the decrees passed for the prevention of tumultuous assemblages in the streets, and by a majority so striking as that of 478 against 82, will be regarded with satisfaction by every lover of order, in and out of France. It is believed that the vote of the Assembly would induce M. Lamartine to remain in the Government.

—The report of the assassination of the King of Naples is a fabrication.

—In Sicily the person of Ruggiero Settimo has been declared inviolable. The Parliament at Palermo has published a programme, deploring the absolute necessity of deposing the traitor Ferdinand, and expressing a confident hope of the adhesion of all constitutional countries.

June 12.

Proclamations have been issued by the authorities both in London and Manchester, forbidding the Chartist meetings which were to have been held to-day. More Chartists have been arrested in London.

—Four hundred visitors attended the horticultural *fête* at Chiswick on Saturday, in the midst of unceasing torrents of rain.

—At Stafford, Mr. Wombwell, the nephew of the proprietor of the well-known menagerie, has been killed by one of the lionesses, who seized him as he went in to display his power over them to the spectators.

—The *Dublin Freeman* gives the following outline of the plan of the new Association, which is to be called "The Irish League."—Its object shall be to concentrate public opinion, to organise the whole nation, to demonstrate the will and determination of the universal people of this land to achieve legislative freedom, and their resolve never to abate their exertions until the object of the league shall have been accomplished. The details for carrying this great and masterly project are few and simple—the directing bodies of the existing associations acting together are to form the controlling council of the Irish League; the members of the existing bodies are to be the original members of the new; and every new contributor of at least 1s. shall thereon be entitled to be proposed a member of the Irish League. To secure unanimity, and guard against the possibility of division, no matter can be introduced at the meetings of the league which shall not have been previously approved and sanctioned by a majority of the members of the council.

Subsequently John O'Connell wrote to the editor to say that he found that, after all, the difficulties of union between the moral and physical force parties were not got over; and that, in deference to a remonstrance from a high quarter, the Repeal Association would still go on.

The first number of a new weekly paper, entitled the *Irish Tribune*, and intended as a successor to the *United Irishman*, was issued on Saturday. Carleton, the novelist, is among its contributors.

—The Indian papers give intelligence of disturbances in Lahore, of which a private letter, dated April 25, gives the following account: "There has been a fight between our politicals, at the head of the Khalsa troops, and the Moultees, in which the former got thrashed. Vans Agnew was frightfully wounded—I believe cut to pieces—and Anderson also wounded. Deena Nauth went off from this at the head of his troops the night before last to render his assistance; and at the 'witching hour' of 12 last night, we, the 'Flying Brigade,' viz. Artillery, Irregulars, Her Majesty's 8th, 10th, 50th, and 73d Native Infantry Regiments, received orders to be ready at an hour's warning. Report says that we start to-night, but nothing positive. However, good bye for the present, as every body is rushing about in the most frantic manner for camels, &c. You may depend on it that I'll keep you *au courant* of every movement, and sincerely hope that you may have to record lots of glorious deeds, which I think not at all improbable, as I believe that the Moultees consist of 20,000 determined fellows. The Nawaub of Moulte is with the unfortunate Vans Agnew's party."

—The Austrians have retired to the protection of the guns of Mantua, just when the Sardinians (who were much the most numerous) hoped for a decisive engagement.

—The unpopularity of M. Thiers with the ultra-Republicans of Paris is excessive. They have not forgotten his being the author of the laws of September, and the advocate of the creation of the *forts détachés*, which, although never applied to their proposed purpose, were notoriously intended to control the Parisians. On Thursday night a large mob proceeded from the Boulevard to his house in the Place St. George, and would have forced their way in, and committed possibly further outrages, but for the arrival of a body of National Guards, by whom they were expelled.

Prince Louis Napoleon has been elected for three places in France.

—Terror prevails in Naples. Courts-martial are sitting permanently, and numerous victims have been already immolated. All the independent journals have ceased to appear. The population of the Sicilian towns had so energetically declared against Ferdinand, that the Government was obliged to send forces to Calabria to prevent a general insurrection. In several towns of Calabria the Neapolitan troops had been disarmed. On the king's birthday, "the city," says a letter, "was tranquil—like death." The street of Toledo was alone illuminated. The French fleet refused to salute the royal flag, and the admiral ordered the tri-coloured flag to be hoisted half-mast high, in sign of mourning, during the salute of 101 guns. The English and American ships returned the salute. It was feared that the king would arm the lazzaroni.

June 13.

Yesterday, the rain and the police together so vigorously seconded the proclamations of the magistracy, that the Chartist meetings throughout the country came to nothing. At Birmingham and Manchester, the meetings on Sunday passed off peaceably.

—In Paris, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte occupied on Sunday the attention of the press and the public, as he did for a considerable time that of the National Assembly on Saturday evening. M. Heeckeren rose to inquire whether it was true that a regiment of infantry, on entering the town of Troyes, had responded to the cry of "*Vive la République*" by that of "*Vive Louis Bonaparte*?" General Cavaignac, Minister of War, replied that no such report had reached his department or the Executive Committee (Government). He accordingly considered himself justified in declaring it false and calumnious. "Since an opportunity offers itself," continued he, "I will speak my mind. I have no intention of directing an accusation against any of my fellow-citizens, nor have I any right to question the innocence of the man whose name is so unfortunately put forward in this way; but I cannot help delivering over to public execration whoever shall lay a sacrilegious hand on the public liberties." This was spoken with much energy, and the whole Assembly rose, with cries of "*Vive la République*."

The members of the Executive Government held a special council at the Luxembourg on Saturday. After a long discussion, it was finally resolved, that on Monday urgent measures should be proposed to the National Assembly relative to the election of Prince Louis Napoleon. It was reported that the Prince had arrived at Auteuil. If found, he would be sent to Vincennes, the Government being determined to enforce against him the un repealed law of banishment directed against his whole family.

The *Moniteur* publishes a letter of the Minister of the Interior to the Prefect of Police, directing him, in the name of the Executive Power, to adopt measures to prevent the circulation of obscene and immoral publications.

—The following details are given of the last battle between the Danes and Germans on the 5th instant:—The Danes occupied the wood between Nübel and Westerdüppel with riflemen of the Guards and redcoats, whose fire was splendid and most effective, and had also a battery in their rear. The Hanoverians attacked this point, and surrounded one side of the wood, upon which the Danes withdrew beyond their guns, on the heights of Düppel, before the left could gain their purpose. The engagement, which commenced generally at 12 o'clock, continued unceasingly until 7 in the evening, when our men made a move to take up their bivouacs near the village of Nübel, after a loss of nearly 400 men, of whom between 200 and 300 have been conveyed to Flensburg wounded. The outposts were taken up by a battalion of Prussians, against which the Danes recommenced the action. The Prussians brought up successively a stronger force, and it was not until late in the evening that these powerful masses succeeded in forcing the Danes to retire from the contest. The loss of the Prussians, who were principally engaged with the main force of the Danish army at Düppel, is estimated at from 300 to 400 killed and wounded, at the lowest computation.

—The German Parliament has adopted the following resolution on the Schleswig-Holstein question:—"The German Constituent Assembly declared that the Schleswig affair, being

an affair of the German nation, falls within the limits of the jurisdiction of this Assembly; and it decrees that energetic measures shall be taken to finish the war with Denmark, and that the rights of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein and the honour of Germany shall carefully be attended to in any treaty of peace that may be concluded with the Crown of Denmark."

—The Emperor of Austria has issued a proclamation from Innsbruck, exhorting the Austrians to peace and order. The document is eminently weak and flat in tone and style.

June 14.

At Liverpool, yesterday, pursuant to a requisition numerously signed by bankers, merchants, and traders, a large public meeting, convened by the Mayor, was held in the Sessions-house, Chapel Street, "for the purpose of considering the late measures of the Government in connexion with the West and East Indian sugar-colonies, and how far they have been effective in carrying out the views contemplated by the Slavery Abolition Acts."

Mr. Shaw, the chairman of the West India Association, moved the first resolution, as follows:—"That the Imperial Parliament, in passing the Emancipation Act of 1833, pledged the national faith to the honest and effectual working out of that act, with a due regard to the maintenance of our colonial property, and the encouragement of free labour in our colonial possessions."

Mr. W. Rathbone moved an amendment to the effect, "That the experiment of emancipation had been attended with a great degree of success, in so far as concerned the condition of the black population of the colonies, comprising nine-tenths of the whole; that the neglect characterising the management on the part of the planters, the prevalence of absenteeism, the want of adequate capital, and the injudicious treatment of the labourers in and after the period of apprenticeship, were the palpable causes of the present depression in the West Indian colonies; that a return to protection, as demanded, would be an acknowledgment that the labour of bondmen was more profitable than the labour of freemen; and that the admission would justify and might occasion hereafter a return to a system of slavery."

A large number were in favour of the amendment, but the original resolution was carried, as were others, condemning the policy of the Government.

—At the last meeting of the Repeal Association, Mr. J. O'Connell announced, that in compliance with the wishes of the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, and many other Catholic clergy, the Association would not adjourn *sine die*, but would meet again in a fortnight.

—The agitation in Paris with respect to the schemes of the Napoleonists is on the increase. Whilst Lamartine was speaking in the Assembly, in justification of his continuance in the Government, it was reported that shots had been fired on the Place de la Concorde, with cries of "*Vive l'Empereur Napoléon*!" Lamartine, in announcing this fact, declared that it was the first blood that had flowed, but he was happy it had not been shed in the name of liberty, but in that of a fanatical attachment to military glory. He then next presented a project of decree, by which the law of banishment of 1832, repealed by the vote of the Assembly, which had admitted three members of the Imperial Family into the House, was to be applied to Charles Louis Napoleon, who had twice proclaimed himself a pretender. The decree was to remain in force until it should please the Legislature to abrogate it. When M. Lamartine had concluded, the whole Assembly rose, and cried, "*Vive la République*!"

Very long conferences took place on Friday and Saturday last, which resulted in an engagement on the part of MM. Arago, Marie, and Garnier Pagès that the Assembly should display more energy than hitherto, and that they themselves would cordially co-operate with MM. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin in imparting more force and decision to the acts of Government. Lamartine and Ledru Rollin will, therefore, continue in the Government.

—It appears that there is some truth in the reported intervention of the Pope in the affairs of Italy. The *Italia del Popolo* announces the arrival in Milan, from the Piedmontese camp, of Monsignor Morichini, ostensibly despatched by Pius IX. to mediate between Charles Albert and the Emperor of Austria. M. Morichini entered Milan on the 4th, and almost immediately departed for Innsbruck.

—Count Leo Thun, has replied to the Austrian Ministry, justifying the formation of a Provisional Government for Bohemia. He says that he has sent a report of his proceedings to his Majesty the Emperor, and is not willing to retrace his steps until the Emperor's decision shall arrive. As to the responsibility with which the Austrian Ministers have threatened him, he protests that he readily takes it upon himself, and that he,

and he alone, is responsible for all the measures of the Provisional Government for Bohemia.

June 15.

The exhibition of plants and flowers by the Botanic Society, in the Regent's Park, for the month of June, took place yesterday; and the weather being remarkably fine, it was attended by a large number of visitors.

— A letter from Dr. Cantwell to Mr. J. O'Connell appears in yesterday's *Dublin Evening Mail*, in which the Bishop expresses his cordial concurrence in the terms proposed in the Association for the union of Repealers, and adds: "Having had frequent opportunities of knowing the views and wishes of the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishop of Ardagh, who are at present absent in Rome, defending the Irish Church against the most treacherous and dangerous assaults of her enemies, I feel confident that, were they in Ireland, they too would gladly hail this union of Irishmen in a league to discuss what can alone save our afflicted and misgoverned country."

— The excitement in Paris on the subject of Prince Louis Napoleon was very great on Tuesday, and all the public places and bridges of the city were crowded with troops under arms. In several instances large assemblages of people were dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

In the National Assembly the subject of Prince Louis Napoleon's exclusion was discussed. M. Louis Blanc opposed the measure, contending that the laws of proscription were essentially anti-republican. M. Fresnon contradicted the report that shots had been fired on Monday, explaining that the Captain of the National Guard had been wounded by accident. M. Vieillard defended the Prince, and read a letter he had received from him, in which he positively declared his unwillingness to offer himself as a candidate until the Republic should be seated on a more solid basis. His election had been spontaneous on the part of the people. It was a protest against the humiliating treaties of 1815, and against the miserable law which it was now intended to revive. M. Louis Napoleon aspired to no greater honour than that of a French citizen. This was his sole ambition.

M. Favre, after having vehemently contended against the rejection of the Prince as an exceedingly impolitic step, was succeeded by M. Buchez, reporter to the 10th Committee, who said that its opinion respecting the admission of Louis Napoleon was the very reverse of that developed by M. Favre. Since the 2d of June events had changed. Louis Napoleon was no longer a citizen, he was a pretender. The Committee thought that the elections had introduced into the Assembly a pretender, and proposed to annul his election. The Committee judged that he was a pretender by the events of the last two days. The cry uttered by the rioters was not "*Vive Napoléon!*" it was "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

At the close of the discussion, as appears by a telegraphic despatch, the Assembly pronounced, by a large majority, in favour of the admission of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte as a representative of the people.

Immediately after the Assembly broke up the crowd of people outside dispersed, and the night passed over without disturbance. Paris was perfectly tranquil yesterday morning.

At the sitting on Monday, a grant of 100,000*l.* a month to the Executive Committee was carried by 569 votes to 112.

At a meeting of delegates from the different clubs of Paris, the workmen, the Garde Mobile, and the army, held in Paris in the Hall of the Club of the Rights of Man, it was resolved, that the Monster Banquet, at 25 centimes (2½*d.*) a head, should be postponed to the 14th of July.

— An edict of "national excommunication" against the Neapolitan deserters is being circulated through the Papal states. It abandons the traitors to infamy and perdition, as already abandoned by Almighty God.

— The Venetian papers publish the decree of the Provisional Government respecting the election of the deputies to the National Assembly. The representation is based on the population; the electoral districts are regulated by the parishes; in every parish where the population does not exceed 2000 souls, one deputy is to be returned; where the population fluctuates between 2000 and 4000, two are to be elected; and where the population varies from 4000 to 6000, three will be chosen; and so on in the same ratio.

The only restriction on the exercise of the suffrage, and the eligibility of individuals to act as deputies, appears to be that the electors must be 21, and the elected 25 years of age.

— The *Risorgimento* of the 9th instant states that the Austrians had effected a precipitate retreat into Mantua on the 4th, and that the Duke of Genoa had marched towards Verona with a view to attack the place. A report of artillery was heard on the 5th in the direction of Nogara, and it was supposed that the Prince had fallen in with a column of Austrians sent to reinforce the garrison of Legnago. On the 6th an

Austrian force of about 12,000 men concentrated at Nogara, Sanguinetto, and Cerea.

— The Emperor of Austria, it is said, is on his way from Innsbruck to Pesth, intending to take up his residence in that city: but letters from Vienna state that he is confidently expected there on the 26th. All was quiet in the capital.

Miscellaneous.

THE DISTURBANCES IN INDIA.

[From the *Times* of Tuesday].

THE intelligence from India, which we yesterday published, was magnified by the aid of rumour into a serious catastrophe before any accurate details of the real occurrences reached these shores; and there is no doubt but that the announcement of a war in the Punjab is really startling after such a succession of tranquillising reports as those which have recently arrived. We trust, however, that there neither is, nor is likely to be, any serious cause for alarm; and our readers, we hope, will come to a conclusion equally satisfactory, after we have explained, as best we can, the very scanty particulars which the present despatches contain.

Mooltan, the scene of the disturbance, is a city standing a little to the east of the river Chenab, in the south-west angle of the Punjab. It was an acquisition made by old Runjeet Singh from the Affghans, after the break-up of the Dooranee kingdom, and during his lifetime it was kept in due subordination by the strength of the central power. During the anarchy which followed upon his death it was, of course, held by a very precarious tenure; not that the population of the district was particularly ill-affected to the Court of Lahore, but the Nizam or Dewan who was governing the city and territory as representative of the Maharajah, was naturally unwilling to lose so favourable an opportunity of asserting his independence. At the time of our conquest this Governor, Moolraj, was, in fact, in open rebellion against his liege lord; and as it had now become part of our duty to secure the tranquillity as well as to guarantee the territories of our new protectorate, we took upon ourselves the adjustment of the differences between the Durbar and its refractory Lieutenant. The chief point of the dispute, as usual, had relation to money matters, as large arrears of tribute were due from Mooltan to the Royal Treasury, which there seemed no great probability of recovering. However, by a due admixture of arbitration and influence the British authorities succeeded in reconciling the two parties, and the last occasion on which Moolraj was introduced to our readers was that of an interview to which he had been invited or summoned by his Sovereign, and after the ordinary compliments and professions of which he returned to his lieutenantancy in all apparent good faith.

It now seems, however, that he has not relinquished all hopes of throwing off his yoke of subjection; at least, such is the construction we should put upon the intelligence announced. The only facts reported are to the effect that the British political agents have come into collision with the forces of the Governor, and have been worsted. It can, of course, be only from conjecture that the particulars of this outbreak can be supplied; but we should strongly suspect, from the general character of the report, that a concerted insurrection against the Sikh Government was commenced, as is almost invariably the case in such episodes, by an attack upon the British residency, though it is, of course, possible that the collision may have been unpremeditated or incidental. The British officers had no troops but a few Khalsas, and were probably overpowered by the numbers which Moolraj could easily muster. One of the agents is reported to have thrown himself into a "gurree," a walled building flanked with towers, and where he may perhaps be able to maintain himself till the arrival of the succours which are on their way. The position of these officers is, of course, dangerous, but if they have escaped the first fury of the assault they may speedily be relieved, and the history of our Indian empire is full of instances where such positions have been tenaciously and successfully defended.

From what we have said, it will be clear that this insurrection has not been directed against British troops or the British Government. In all probability Moolraj has either created or seized an opportunity for asserting his independence, and as such assertion could not be permitted by the British officers, they were naturally attacked as the present representatives of that authority which it had been resolved to renounce. It was in their persons that the Sikh Government was overpowered—a result secured, perhaps, without much trouble, as no provision was made for a contingency not anticipated since the recent formal reconciliation. As soon as the news reached Lahore, a detachment of the Sikh troops marched immediately for the scene of the disturbance, under Deena Nath, the Finance Minister of the Durbar, who was principally concerned in conducting the late treaties, and a column of our army of occupa-

tion will immediately follow in support. If the insurrection has been well concerted, and if Moolraj carries with him the feelings of the population, the affair may include a battle before it terminates, for Mooltan is a city of considerable importance, and with a very strong fort; and it was tolerably clear on the last occasion of the Governor's revolt, that he would not have been easily brought to obedience but for the interposition of our own authority. But of course there can be no doubt about the issue if he should persist in his course, for we have forces enough in the Punjab to crush a power far more formidable than that lodged in the Governor of Mooltan.

SIR T. BARING'S PICTURES.

THE sale of the pictures of the late Sir T. Baring, which were formerly at Stratton Park and Devonshire Place, was terminated a few days ago at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, King Street, St. James's. The 136 lots which formed the collection produced the aggregate sum of 11,905*l.* The following is a list of the prices which were given for the principal lots: Lot 33, Sir J. Reynolds, "One of the Compartments of the New College Window," formerly in Sir T. Lawrence's collection, 63*l.* Lot 35, Edmonston, "Savoyard Boys," a study, 55*l.* 14*s.* Lot 37, Sir D. Wilkie, "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," the finished sketch, 36*l.* 2*s.* Lot 39, Sir T. Lawrence, "Head of a young Lady," 32*l.* 11*s.* Lot 41, Lance, "Fruits on a Table," 61*l.* 19*s.* Lot 42, Linnell, "A Landscape, Peasants playing at Quoits," 241*l.* 10*s.* Lot 43, Goodhall, "A Cottage, with Figures," 73*l.* 10*s.*, bought by Mr. Farrer. Lot 45, Wilson, "A View on the river Dee," 164*l.* 17*s.* Lot 46, Sir T. Lawrence, "J. Kemble as Hamlet," the small picture, 52*l.* 10*s.*, bought by Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 126, Wilson, "A View on a River in the Campagna," from the collection of Lady Ford, bought by Mr. Farrer for 126*l.* Lot 48, Stanfield, R.A., "Hastings," the celebrated upright picture, 220*l.* 10*s.*, bought by Mr. Creswick. Lot 49, Louthborough, "The Fire of London," 240*l.*, Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 141, Collins, R.A., "Boulogne," 241*l.*, Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 52, Cooke, "A Scene on the Dutch Coast," 94*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Farrer. Lot 53, Linnell, "Philip baptising the Eunuch," 117*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Rought. Lot 54, Linnell, "The Flight into Egypt," 131*l.* 5*s.*, Mr. Rought. Lot 55, Collins, R.A., "A Woman seated at an Altar in the Chapel of St. Onofrio at Rome," 158*l.* 11*s.*, Mr. Segnier. Lot 56, P. Nasmyth, "A View in Hampshire," 210*l.*, Mr. Creswick. Lot 57, Lee, R.A., "A Landscape," 105*l.*, Mr. Grissell. Lot 58, Collins, R.A., "Taking Sea-Fowls' Eggs," painted in 1833, 257*l.* 5*s.*, Mr. Rought. Lot 59, Sir D. Wilkie's "Sheep-washing," 693*l.*, Mr. Norton. Lot 60, Turner, R.A., "Sheerness; the Sun rising through a Fog," 577*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Wells. Lot 61, Gainsborough, "A Lodge in Windsor Park, with the Royal Children," 325*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 62, Sir D. Wilkie, "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage," 430*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Ryan. Lot 63, Wilson, "The Meleager," 178*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Rought. Lot 66, Van Eyck, "St. Jerome in his Study," 139*l.* 13*s.* Lot 71, Ostade, "A Dutch Merrymaking," 55*l.* 13*s.* Lot 84, Watteau, "A Concert Champêtre," 152*l.* 5*s.* Lot 85, the companion, "A Masquerade Champêtre," 84*l.* Lot 93, Van Dyck's own Portrait, 53*l.* 11*s.* Lot 94, Cuyp, "Dutch Boats under Sail in a River," small, 94*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Farrer. Lot 95, the companion, 94*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Farrer. Lot 98, Rembrandt, "Abraham entertaining the Angels," 64*l.* 1*s.* Lot 102, Ostade, "An exterior, with a Cart and Figures," upright, 99*l.* 15*s.*, Mr. Brown. Lot 103, Berghem, "Italian Peasants, with Cows and Goats," 150*l.* 3*s.*, Mr. Evans. Lot 107, Asselyn, "An Italian Landscape," 90*l.* 6*s.* Lot 108, Cuyp, "David and Abigail," 87*l.* 3*s.*, Mr. Goldsmid. Lot 109, Teniers, "Huntsman preparing for the Chase," 58*l.* 11*s.* Lot 110, Berghem, "A Landscape, with a Lady on a Mule, followed by Attendants," 116*l.* 11*s.* Lot 111, "A Stag Hunt," 105*l.* Lot 112, W. Van de Velde, "A Calm, with a Man-of-war saluting," 154*l.* 7*s.* Lot 113, Rembrandt, "The Adoration of the Magi," 141*l.* 15*s.* Lot 114, Wouwermans, "A Dismounted Cavalier giving Alms to a Camp of Gypsies," 183*l.* 15*s.* Lot 115, Watteau, "Fête Champêtre, with a Man in Masquerade," 157*l.* 10*s.* Lot 117, Rembrandt, "A Landscape, with a Village Church on a Hill," 225*l.* 15*s.*, Mr. Farrer. Lot 118, Greuze, "A Girl caressing a Pigeon," 106*l.* 1*s.*, Mr. H. Baring. Lot 119, K. Du Jardin, "Portrait of a Gentleman in a red Cloak," 50*l.* 8*s.* Lot 120, Ostade, "A Man playing the Hurdygurdy, Peasants, &c.," 88*l.* 4*s.* Lot 121, Rubens, "Abraham and Melchisedec," 383*l.* 5*s.*, Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 122, Ostade, "A Landscape, with a Cavalier on a White Horse," 84*l.* Lot 123, Hobbema, "A Landscape, with a Watermill; a Village Church in the distance—sunshine," 288*l.* 15*s.*, Mr. White. Lot 124, Asselyn, "An Italian Landscape," 81*l.* 7*s.* Lot 125, Jan Steen, "Italian Peasants and Travellers reposing in an Inn-yard," 86*l.* 2*s.* Lot 126, Backhuysen, "Dutch Men-of-war," 131*l.* 5*s.* Lot 127, Van der

Neer, "A Dutch Village, with a Frozen River, and Figures," 73*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. H. Baring. Lot 128, Ruysdael, "A grand Woody Landscape, Charcoal-burners," 95*l.* 11*s.* Lot 129, Hobbema, "A Woody Scene, with a Piece of Water, &c.," 162*l.* 15*s.* Lot 130, Backhuysen, "A Fresh Breeze, Men-of-war under Sail" (from the collection of Mr. G. Hibbert), 283*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Nieuwenhuys. Lot 131, P. Potter, 1647, "Bull and two Sheep, &c." (from the collection of Mr. Gray), 220*l.* 10*s.*, Mr. Fuller. Lot 132, Ruysdael, "A Woody Scene, with a Waterfall," 203*l.* 13*s.*, Mr. Smith. Lot 133, Wouwermans, "A Stag Hunt," 446*l.* 5*s.* Lot 134, Wynants, "An open Landscape, with Cows and Sheep," 110*l.* 5*s.* Lot 135, W. Van de Velde, "A Sea-piece—a Calm, with Vessels of War, &c., Porpoises sporting in the Ripple," 210*l.*, Mr. Farrer. Lot 136, De Hooghe, "A lofty Apartment, with Female Figures, lighted by Sunshine from a Window," 72*l.* 9*s.*, Mr. Theobald.

ANCIENT DANISH VESSEL.—The bottom of an ancient vessel, supposed to have been under water many centuries, was dug out of the mud off the American Wharf, Chapel, on Monday last, and landed at Cross-House Hard, where it will remain a week, and then be broken up. It is supposed to be of Danish build, is about 66 feet long by the keel, very sharp, with a great rake at the bow, all close timber, and the outside plank from three to four inches thick. There are no signs of any ironwork found about her. It appears that she had but one mast, which stood in the middle; her timbers and planks are perfectly sound. The wreck was raised by Mr. Loosemore, of the American Hotel, Chapel. In first lifting her she broke off at the floor leads, owing to the heavy weight of mud in her. *Southampton paper.*

ANCIENT BRITISH NECK COLLAR.—A Birmingham journal describes a valuable relic of antiquity recently found in one of her Majesty's woods called the Greaves, in the late forest of Needwood, near Draycot, in the county of Stafford. It was discovered near a fox hole, where the soil had been thrown up by the foxes. It consists of an ancient and valuable British neck collar of the purest gold, weighing 15½ ounces avoirdupois. The collar is of one single piece, and is formed of eight rods or wires twisted together, each being composed of three lesser wires, and terminating in two solid chased ends, which are perforated, and were evidently intended to be connected by some hook or other fastening, which has been lost. The collar has been forwarded to the Queen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nota.—The recent publication of another version of the lines prevents our inserting his communication.

AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Anslie, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co.
Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.
Madras: Binney and Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOURNING.—MR. PUGH, in returning his acknowledgments for the highly distinguished patronage he has so long and liberally received, begs to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that his *Maison de Deuil* is RE-OPENED, since the recent enlargement of the premises, with the most extensive and general assortment of MOURNING, of every description, ever submitted to the Public.

163 and 165 Regent Street, two doors from Burlington Street.

FAMED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 78 King Street, Sydney, New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment: the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 344 Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1*s.* 1*d.*, 2*s.* 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 11*s.*, 22*s.*, and 33*s.* each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

THE SOLEMN OPENING of ST. GEORGE'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, St. George's Road, Southwark, will take place on **TUESDAY**, the 4th of July, being the transferred Feast of St. Alban, Pro-Martyr of England, when the Right Rev. NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D., Bishop of Melipotamus, will officiate, both in the Morning and Afternoon, assisted by a numerous body of Foreign and British Bishops and Clergy. Pontifical High Mass at Eleven o'clock, at which BISHOP WISEMAN will preach; Solemn Vespers and Benediction, with a Discourse by the Right Rev. JAMES GILLIS, D.D., Bishop of Limyra, and Coadjutor of Edinburgh, at Five o'clock.

Cards of Admission (including both Services), for which offerings of One Guinea, Half a Guinea, or Five Shillings are expected, are to be obtained daily, from Eleven till Six, of Mr. GEORGE A. WHITE, at the Office in the Westminster Road, adjoining the new Church. Parties in the country should address the Secretary at 13 West Square, St. George's Road, Southwark. M. FORRISTALL, Sec.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, and **ASYLUM for FEMALE ORPHANS**.—The **ANNUAL DINNER**, in aid of the Funds of this Institution, will take place at the **FREEMASONS' TAVERN**, on **MONDAY**, the 19th day of June next. The Rt. Hon. the **EARL of ARUNDEL and SURREY** in the Chair. Tickets Fifteen Shillings each, Wine included. JAMES O'LEARY, Sec.

Committee-Rooms, Tudor Place, Tottenham Court Road, May 11, 1848.

BROTHERHOOD of ST. VINCENT of PAUL.—The **ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING** of the BROTHERHOOD will be holden on **TUESDAY NEXT**, the 20th of June, at One o'clock, in **ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOLROOM**, 16 Great Windmill Street, Haymarket. The Right Rev. Dr. WISEMAN, P.V.L.D., will preside.—The Catholics of London are respectfully invited to attend the Meeting. Seats will be reserved for Ladies.

ST. ELIZABETH'S CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, **RICHMOND, SURREY**. Patron, Right Rev. Dr. WISEMAN, Pro V.A.L.D.—A **PUBLIC DEJEUNE**, in behalf of these Schools, will take place at the **CASTLE HOTEL, RICHMOND**, on Thursday, the 6th of July, 1848, the Right Honourable the **EARL of ARUNDEL and SURREY, M.P.**, in the Chair.

Breakfast on Table at One for Two o'clock precisely. Tickets 10s. 6d., Wine included.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—LUKE xviii. 16.

J. B. HEARNE, M.A., Chaplain. The **VIVID Steamer** will be in readiness at Southwark Bridge Wharf at Nine o'clock; at Hungerford Bridge at Half-past Nine o'clock; at Chelsea Pier at a Quarter-past Ten. The guests will be conveyed by the boat to Richmond and back to London, gratuitously.

W. D. KENNY, Hon. Sec.

CHEPSTOW.—To be **LET**, Furnished, a very desirable **FAMILY RESIDENCE**, consisting of Dining-room, Drawing-room, Breakfast-room, Eight Bedrooms, Kitchen, Pantry, &c., together with Coach-house and Stable, Garden, Greenhouse, and piece of Ground attached. It is situated close to the residence of the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, and is in every way suitable for a Family.

Further particulars may be had of W. O'CONNOR, Esq. 21 George Street, Portman Square.

THE LIVERPOOL and LONDON FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

8 WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL;
3 CHARLOTTE ROW, MANSION HOUSE; and
28 REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

LIABILITY OF THE PROPRIETORS UNRESTRICTED.
MODERATE PREMIUMS in the FIRE DEPARTMENT.
GUARANTEED BONUSES and other peculiar advantages in the Life Department.

Policies, insuring the value of Leasehold Property at the termination of the Lease, are also issued.

Persons whose Policies with this Company expire on the 24th instant are respectfully reminded, that Receipts for the renewal of the same will be found at the Head Offices in London and Liverpool, and in the hands of the respective Agents; and those who, preferring the security offered by this Company, may desire to remove their Insurances, are informed that no expense will be incurred by such removal.

BENJ. HENDERSON, Resident Secretary, London.
SWINTON BOULT, Secretary to the Company.

13th June, 1848.

SEND EIGHT POSTAGE STAMPS, and by return, and post free, you will get a handsome Teaspoon of C. WATSON'S **SOLID ALBATA PLATE**, which is rapidly superseding silver for all domestic uses, as it is equally sweet and handsome as silver itself. This is the only solid substitute now sold, and, unlike plated goods of any kind, there is nothing to wear off, so that the more you rub and clean it, the better it will continue to look, though in daily use for fifty years. Don't be afraid to put it to any test, and then send your order. A full Catalogue of prices, with patterns of every other article manufactured from this beautiful metal, will be inclosed with the Sample Spoon.

Address C. Watson, 41 and 42 Barbican, corner of Princes Street; and 16 Norton-Folgate, London.

TO GENTLEMEN WITH TENDER FEET.

J. CHAPPELL, 388 Strand, corner of Southampton Street, **BOOT MAKER and PROFESSOR of FITTING**, begs to call the attention of such to his method of Measuring, by which he guarantees at the first trial to produce a fit unprecedented for comfort, yet combined with the most fashionable shape.

J. C. particularly solicits those gentlemen on whom bootmakers have practised unsuccessfully, and every day's experience proves there are plenty of such cases. He will undertake to fit them at once, however difficult.

A good pair of Wellington Boots, 25s. cash to order; ditto, fitted on from the stock, 21s.

Established 1835.

EXHIBITION of MULREADY'S WORKS, at the Society of Arts, Adelphi, to promote the formation of a **NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART**, is now **OPEN**. Proofs of the **SONNET**, Lithographed by JOHN LINNELL, Jun., are now ready for delivery to Subscribers of 2s. 2s. May be seen at Cundall's, 12 Old Bond Street; and Colnaghi's, 13 Pall Mall East.

ROYAL ACADEMY of ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The **EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY** is now **OPEN**. Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), One Shilling. Catalogue, One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

IMPORTANT PATENT IMPROVEMENT in CHRONOMETERS and WATCHES.—E. J. DENT, 82 STRAND, and 33 COCKSPUR STREET, by special appointment Chronometer, Watch, and Clockmaker to the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and who obtained the high distinction of receiving the Government Reward for the unparalleled performance of the best Chronometer ever submitted to twelve months' public trial, begs to acquaint the public that the **MANUFACTURE of his WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, and CLOCKS**, is **SECURED** to him by **THREE SEPARATE PATENTS**, respectively granted in 1836, 1840, and 1842. Silver Lever Watches, jewelled in four holes, 6s. 6s. each: in gold cases, from 8s. to 10s. extra. Gold Horizontal Watches, with gold dials, from 8s. 8s. to 12s. 12s. each. Dent's "Appendix" to his recent work on "Time-keepers" is now ready for circulation.

JOSEPH LOADER, FURNITURE and LOOK-ING-GLASS MANUFACTURER, 23 PAVEMENT, FINSBURY.—The extensive celebrity of **JOSEPH LOADER'S** Establishment for twenty-five years for all articles appertaining to the Upholstery Business affords a certain guarantee to all purchasers from his stock that whatever they may select will be of the most approved fashion and best workmanship, moderately charged.

A tasteful assortment suitable to the decoration of the Dining, Drawing-room, Library, and Boudoir, is uniformly kept, comprising Chairs, Tables, Pier and Chimney Glasses, Cheffoniers, Drawers, Wardrobes, Carpets, Mattresses, and Bedding, at regularly fixed prices, corresponding with the wants or elegances of household economy. Also Self-Acting Reclining Chairs and Couches, suitable for the ease and comfort of an invalid, offered on terms with which none but first-rate houses can successfully compete.

J. L. also begs leave to call attention to his Patent Air-tight Bed-steps, &c. as designed by him, which render the emission of any noxious effluvia an utter impossibility. They are warranted fully effective, as the most expensive Commodities. Price 1l. 15s.

Descriptive Catalogues may be obtained on application by any party who may be desirous to make special contract for any requisites for the commencement or completion of housekeeping, coupled with suggestions essential to ensure comfort and respectability.

PRESENT TARIFF.		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Solid Rosewood Chairs, French polished	0 15 0	each to	1 2 0
Sets of eight Mahogany ditto	4 4 0	"	4 10 0
Sets of eight Mahogany Trafalgar	4 16 0	"	5 10 0
Gondola Easy Chairs (in leather)	1 8 0	"	1 16 0
Langham Easy Chairs, spring stuffed	1 1 0	"	1 8 0
Reclining Chairs, in leather, spring stuffed	2 0 0	"	3 5 0
Patent Reclining Chairs, with leg rest, stuffed all hair, in morocco leather, on patent castors	6 0 0	"	8 10 0
Mahogany Lounging Chairs, carved throughout, spring stuffed, in morocco, on patent castors	3 4 0	"	3 10 0
Couches, with loose squabs, all hair	2 15 0	"	3 15 0
Mahogany Loo Tables, French polished	2 11 0	"	2 14 0
Rosewood ditto, on pillars	3 10 0	"	4 8 0
Rosewood Cheffoniers, with carved back and marble tops, three feet carved	3 5 0	"	3 10 0
Four-feet carved Mahogany Sideboard, with draws and four doors, cellarets, and trays complete, French polished	4 12 0	"	5 15 6
Mahogany Dining Tables, with sliding frames, loose leaves, and castors	3 12 6	"	5 5 0
Mahogany Bedsteads, with cornices or poles, sacking or lath bottom, polished	4 0 0	"	4 15 0
Superior ditto, massive pillars, carved, double screwed, and bracketed round	6 6 0	"	7 15 6
Three-feet-six-inch Elliptic Wash-stands, marble tops	2 12 6	"	3 12 6
Dressing Tables en suite	2 5 0	"	2 11 0
Winged Wardrobes, with drawers in centres	8 10 0	"	15 0 0
Three-feet Mahogany or Japanned Chest of Drawers	1 5 0	"	1 15 0
Chamber Chairs, with cane or willow seats	0 3 0	"	0 5 0
Chimney Glasses, in Gilt Frames, 30 by 18, to 40 by 24 inches	2 1 0	"	3 17 0
Alva or Wool Mattress, 4 feet 6 inches	0 16 6	"	0 17 6

* Shipping and country orders promptly executed, and the customary allowances made in all wholesale transactions.

JOSEPH LOADER'S Establishment, 23 Pavement, Finsbury, London, to whom it is requested, as a favour, that all letters may be addressed in full.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of the Trade, a Central Office for the publication of the **RAMBLER** has been opened at No. 19 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, where Advertisements are received by Mr. S. EYRE until 12 o'clock on Thursday in every week.

Printed by George Levey, of Number 4 De Crespigny Terrace, Denmark Hill, in the County of Surrey, Printer, Charles Robson, of Number 56 Liverpool Street, King's Cross, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, and Francis Burdett Franklin, of Number 2 Claremont Square, Pentonville, in the County of Middlesex, Printer, at their Printing Office, Great New Street, Peter Lane, in the Parish of Saint Bride, in the City of London; and published by James Burns, of Number 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, in the Parish of Saint Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex, Publishers, on Saturday, June 17, 1848. Sold also by Jones, Paternoster Row; and by all Booksellers and News-Agents.